

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



ROSS'S

Belfast Ginger Ale

Also Ross's Soda Water, Indian Tonic,
Lemonade—as good as Ross's Ginger Ale.

THE WHITE HOUSE PORTRUSH NORTHERN IRELAND

Sold direct
by the yard.

Patterns from
Desk 18.

IRISH TWEEDS

Northern Ireland is part of the
United Kingdom—No Tariff Barrier.

By Appointment Cyder makers to
H.M. KING GEORGE VI. H.M. QUEEN MARY
William Gaymer & Son Ltd. Attleborough & London

Gaymer's

CYDER

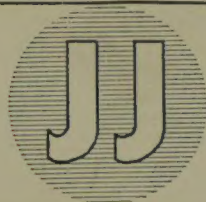
Famous for over 300 years

BY APPOINTMENT TOILET SOAP MAKERS TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI.

Bronnley

for the bath

ESSENCE · CRYSTALS · POWDERS · FINE SOAPS



NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S 7 YEARS OLD

JOHN JAMESON WHISKEY



JOHN JAMESON & SON LTD., BOW STREET DISTILLERY, DUBLIN, IRELAND, AND AT 41 TRINITY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.3

Welcome Always - Keep it Handy

GRANT'S

Morella
Cherry Brandy

Over 100 years' reputation
for quality.

A limited supply available.

UNBEATABLE...

Bass



TRADE MARK

KING SIX

CIGARS 1/9 each

The result of a century of experience.

Made by J. R. Freeman & Son, Ltd.

Makers of Fine Cigars since 1839

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.
SANITARY POLISH MANUFACTURERS. RONUK LTD., PORTSLADE.

RONUK

POLISHES

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL

INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



No gift so perfect as a fine Swiss watch

A fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch is one of the wonders of the world. It is a product of 2,400 distinct operations. Its 160 parts are measured to a thousandth of a millimetre. It keeps accurate time year after year.

Swiss craftsmen have been dedicated to this art of the watch for three hundred years. In each century new knowledge has been gained, new improvements made. And each improvement, each advance in technical skill, has been passed on from fathers to sons for fourteen generations.

This is why the watchmanship of the Swiss is acknowledged to be the finest in the world. This is why we can say that the fine Swiss watch you buy today took three hundred years to make. It is certain to be a more accurate watch — a watch that will last longer — a watch you can really rely on.

To qualify as a "Complete Watchmaker" in Switzerland, the student must first make a watch entirely by hand, fashioning each tiny wheel, spring and screw with tools he has made himself. And this watch must not vary more than four seconds in twenty-four hours!



The WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND

Fair Winds Personal direction and instant
or Foul. attention are essential



Such direction and attention are features of the
"LONDON & LANCASHIRE" SERVICE
7 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

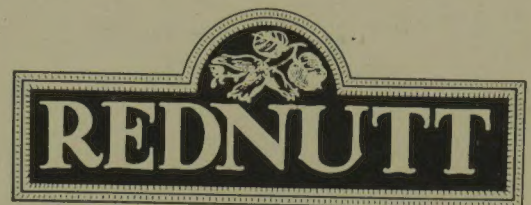
For Occasions

Festive or Festive



A grand old Sherry of great age and distinct character.

A presentation bottle dispatched direct to your friends for Christmas. Ask your Wine Merchant for details.



ANCIENT BROWNE SHERRY

Shipped and guaranteed by MORENO Y CA, JEREZ, SPAIN





The 4-wheel drive, all-purpose vehicle

The Land-Rover is an overlander; come rain, come shine—it's all the same to this powerful little vehicle. The low gearing and four-wheel drive take it easily through clinging mud or over lumpy ground which might well defeat many a bigger truck. In addition it has a power take-off providing belt or shaft drive for a multitude of purposes. No wonder it's known as 'Britain's most versatile vehicle.'

LAND-ROVER

Britain's most versatile vehicle!

Made by the Rover Company Limited, Solihull, Birmingham

CVS-49

What happened to the doctor's car?

One autumn night he was called out to a long job. When he came down to his car he noticed a 'nip' in the air. It was an early frost—and it had well and truly nipped his engine. Cylinder block cracked right through! He had intended to get some anti-freeze later on, but the

frost beat him to it. That damage could happen to your car any time now. Don't put off filling up with Bluecol. This safe anti-freeze is used by thousands of wise motorists—and no engine protected by Bluecol has ever suffered frost damage. Ask your garage.

SMITHS BLUECOL

The **SAFE** Anti-Freeze

SMITHS MOTOR ACCESSORIES LIMITED, CRICKLEWOOD WORKS, LONDON, N.W.2
THE MOTOR ACCESSORY DIVISION OF S. SMITH & SONS (ENGLAND) LIMITED

SAY

"Noilly Prat"

...and your
'French'
will be perfect!

The real start of Dry Martinis and other drinks with a "French" accent

Make sure you get Noilly Prat—real full strength French Vermouth—not less than 31% proof spirit, blended and bottled, in the large bottle, in France.



NOILLY PRAT

REAL FRENCH VERMOUTH

IMPORTED BY WM. CHAS. ANDERSON & CO., 8 LIME STREET, E.C.3



Indigestion?.. Wails of woe?..

Alka Seltzer

Alka-Seltzer... Whee! Let's go!!



Acid Indigestion? Stomach upset? An Alka-Seltzer tablet in a glass of water will soon set you right. First, Alka-Seltzer's double-action soothes pain—extra fast. Then it neutralises excess acid, often the root of your distress. Try it! Millions sold yearly.



THE MAIN OBJECTS
of the

SHIPWRECKED MARINERS' SOCIETY

are

1. Relief of Shipwrecked Survivors.
2. Immediate Relief Grants to widows, orphans and aged parents of those lost at sea.
3. Encouragement of thrift amongst seamen and fishermen by its Mariner Membership.

Please help this NATIONAL WORK by a donation to:
F. L. SIDEBOTHAM, Esq., O.B.E., M.C., Secretary,
(H4), 14, WILFRED STREET, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1.

Patron: H.M. THE KING.



This is the Gin



By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to H.M. King George VI

*Quality
Incomparable*

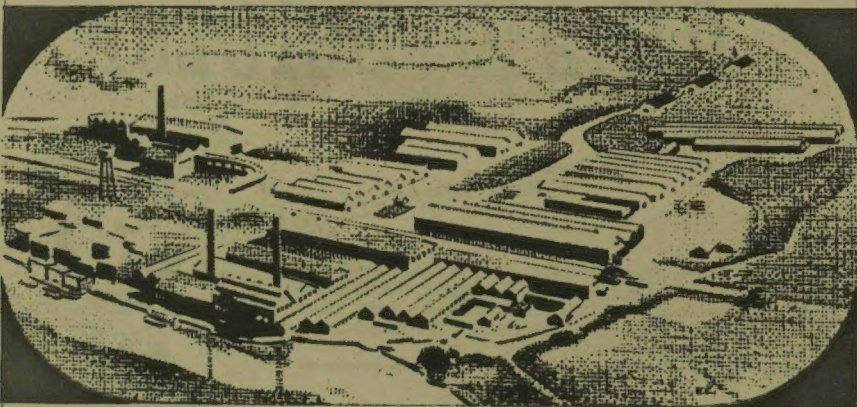
Gordon's

Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices : Per bottle 32/4 ; Half-bottle 16/11 ; Quarter bottle 8/10 ; Miniature 3/5. U.K. only.

MEDWAY

— HOME OF **MULTI-WALLS**



It is in the heart of Kent that the modern multi-wall sack has been developed in this country, largely pioneered by Medway, a Division of the Reed Paper Group which is one of the biggest paper-making organisations in the world. Indeed with their unrivalled technical resources and experience, Reeds are the largest producers in the whole of Europe of the tough Kraft paper from which Medway multi-wall sacks are made.

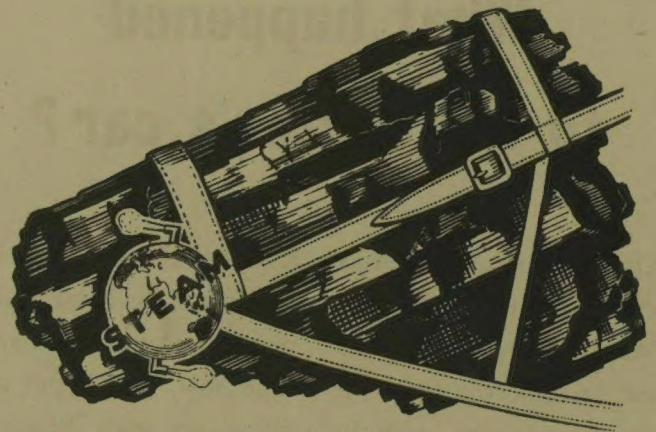


MEDWAY PAPER SACKS

Division of the REED Paper Group

MEDWAY PAPER SACKS, LTD., LARKFIELD, NR. MAIDSTONE, KENT

THE POWER OF BRITAIN



COAL IN HARNESS . . .

"For 75 years Babcock Boilers have been the means of releasing the energy in coal and converting it with maximum efficiency into steam power for all purposes."

BABCOCK
STEAM RAISING PLANT



BABCOCK & WILCOX LIMITED
Engineers and Contractors,
BABCOCK HOUSE, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

The World Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Illustrations and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the British Dominions and Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1950.



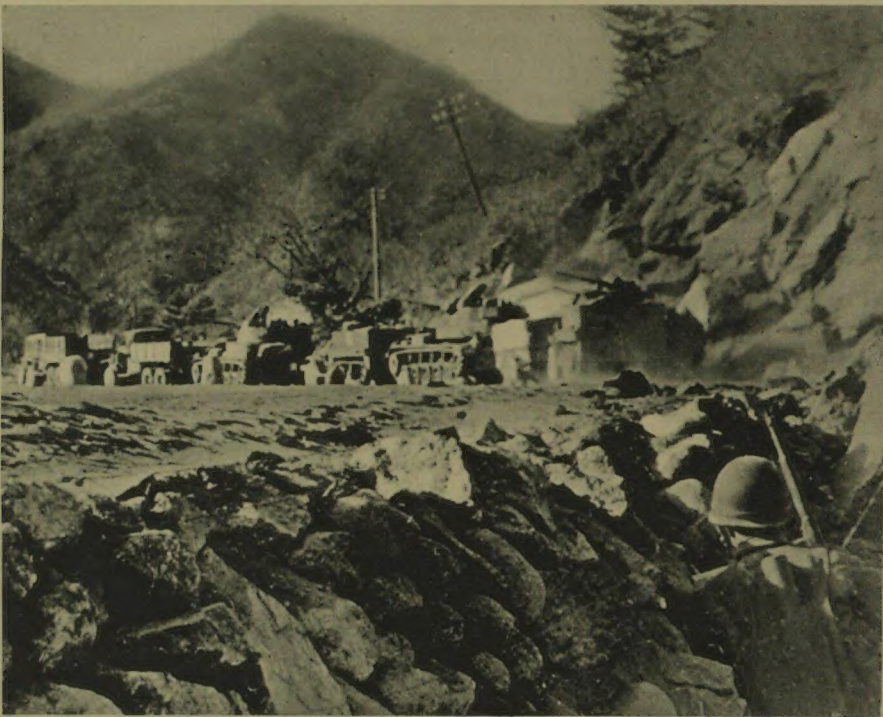
WITHDRAWAL AND REGROUPING—A SYMBOL OF UNITED NATIONS ACTION IN THE SECOND PHASE OF THE CHINESE INVASION OF KOREA: R.O.K. TROOPS RETIRE, COVERED BY U.S. ARMS, WHILE BRITISH TROOPS PROVIDE A REARGUARD.

While the U.S. Marines and the Royal Marine Commando were making their magnificent fighting withdrawal from the Changjin (Chosin) reservoir area in north-east Korea (of which pictures appear on other pages), the operations on the western (or Eighth Army) front were on a much larger scale, but of a much less dramatic nature. After the abandonment of Pyongyang and the ferocious action near Kunu

in which the Turkish Brigade so distinguished itself, there was little contact between the U.N. and Red Chinese forces (up to December 15) other than in the air. Little information was forthcoming regarding the regrouping of the U.N. forces, but a communiqué of December 12 noted that the Chinese forces were advancing slowly, with the centre of their mass increasingly veering toward the centre of the Korean peninsula.



THE STARTING-POINT OF THE U.S. MARINES' RETREAT TO HAMHUNG: A VIEW OF THE ENCAMPMENT AT KOTO, FROM WHICH THEY BEGAN THEIR DRIVE TO THE BEACH-HEAD.



UNDER FIRE FROM COMMUNISTS ON THE HILLSIDES: A PATROL OF THE U.S. 3RD INFANTRY DIVISION COVERING THE RETIREMENT IN NORTH-EAST KOREA.



A PERFECT TARGET FOR AIRCRAFT WHICH DID NOT APPEAR: UNITED NATIONS MILITARY VEHICLES IN A TRAFFIC JAM DURING THE RETREAT FROM PYONGYANG.

On December 10 the first units of U.S. Marines, infantry, and the 41st Royal Marine Commando reached the safety of the Hungnam beach-head after a 14-day journey from the Changjin reservoir area, through valleys laced with fire by Chinese Communists entrenched in the hills above. A few hours later the rearguard came into the perimeter, which was defended by the U.S. 3rd Division, and the evacuation of the area began, under the guns of U.N. warships. On December 14 it was reported that the embarkation of the 60,000 troops was nearly complete and that light attacks by the ten Chinese divisions round the perimeter had been beaten off. In spite of

"DEATH VALLEY" MARCH—ORDERLY RETREAT: PHASES OF THE U.N. WITHDRAWAL IN KOREA.



ARRIVING IN THE HUNGNAM BEACHHEAD: U.S. MARINES IN GOOD SPIRITS AFTER FIGHTING THEIR WAY TO SAFETY FROM THE CHANGJIN RESERVOIR AREA.



COVERING THE WITHDRAWAL OF MARINE UNITS AMID THE SNOW-COVERED HILLS OF NORTH-EAST KOREA: SELF-PROPELLED ARTILLERY OF THE U.S. 3RD DIVISION.



ON THE ROAD TO THE SOUTH IN BITTER WEATHER: TRANSPORT OF THE 29TH BRITISH BRIGADE NEAR SARIWON, AFTER COVERING THE WITHDRAWAL FROM PYONGYANG.

their ordeal, the U.N. forces arrived in the beach-head area in good spirits, having accomplished an operation which entailed taking heavy punishment day after day in bitterly cold weather, with few chances of hitting back at the enemy. On the United Nations western front the withdrawal proceeded with little interruption from the enemy, the British 29th Brigade covering the evacuation of Pyongyang. The roads leading south were jammed with military vehicles of all kinds moving bumper to bumper and had the Chinese possessed a sufficiently strong air force there is no doubt that it could have inflicted heavy losses in men and material.



THE DUST OF RETREAT—ON THE WESTERN KOREAN FRONT: REPUBLIC OF KOREA TROOPS WITHDRAWING THROUGH PARK-LIKE COUNTRY SOUTH OF PYONGYANG.



THE SMOKE OF BATTLE—ON THE NORTH-EASTERN KOREAN FRONT: U.S. AERIAL ATTACK ON THE SAVAGE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH THE U.S. MARINES WITHDREW TO HAMHUNG.

THE TWO FACES OF THE KOREAN WAR: THE WESTERN WITHDRAWAL AND THE NORTH-EASTERN "DUNKIRK."

After the first shock of the Chinese onslaught in Korea and when it became clear that the United Nations were committed to large-scale withdrawals, the campaign seemed to divide into two phases. On the western front, except for one or two hard-fought engagements, the United Nations pulled back, and there was little contact with the enemy, whose immense build-up of forces constituted a silent menace. On the north-east, however, in the tangled country near the Changjin reservoir,

there was fierce fighting, and it looked as though a large force of U.S. Marines, British Marine Commandos and U.S. infantry would be entirely surrounded. As recorded elsewhere, they were able to make a superb fighting withdrawal to the port of Hamhung, where, however (on December 15), the Chinese were making little attempt to interfere with embarkation; and seemed rather to be, as it were, playing a game of chess with their immense forces compelling the moves.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AT the heart of the Christian tradition lies one word. It is "love." It was Christ's unique achievement that, alone of the great teachers known to history, he taught that the Kingdom of God resides within every human heart and that God is love. Others, the founders of the Buddhist faith in particular, have emphasised the essential oneness of created nature, and have seen that the secret of life must lie in its pursuit. But only Christ of Nazareth has shown how every man, even the saddest and most defeated, has the key to Heaven close at hand within his own heart. This is the truth that all his disciples have laboured, first to learn themselves and then to teach by precept and word, and this is the truth—the rock—on which the Christian Creed and Churches are founded:

But, when so sad thou canst no sadder,
Cry, and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

That creed—the creed of the all-importance of individual human love—was first proclaimed at a moment when the civilised world appeared to be on the threshold of a new and eternal era of material power, progress and dominion. It emanated from a member of a small and divided people who, unknown to themselves, were on the threshold of a dreadful disaster. Its full and universal significance only became apparent some centuries later when the great Mediterranean civilisation of Imperial Rome was dissolving under the hammer-blows of armed barbarians. In the fullness of time, as Western man emerged from the long, dark ages of violence and destruction, it became the inspiration of a new and greater civilisation—that on which our modern world, to-day, also threatened with disintegration, has been founded. Everything that is worthwhile in the

European tradition, which to-day also comprises the American tradition, sprang originally from that respect for the individual to which the new Gospel of Love gave rise. For if it was a Christian's duty to love his neighbour and even his enemy as himself, how could he deny that neighbour the right to live his own life in the fullest freedom? From that inescapable logic the intolerant and selfish mind of man has sought, age after age, to escape, only to find its inexorable, inevitable conclusion gaining on him. This, not the Marxist thesis of the inevitability of the majority triumph of self-interest over the minority—a thesis which history disproves again and again—is the real explanation of the advance, first of political, and then of economic, democracy in this and other Christian countries: an advance still continued, though dreadfully endangered, since the decline of conscious

Christianity during the last half-century among the peoples of the West. The widespread belief in the democratic countries that every man should have a fair chance in life, so contrary to the promptings of the selfish, competitive instinct inherent in untutored human nature, could have originated only from this revolutionary precept of Christ that a man should love his neighbour, and every neighbour, as himself. This is not a belief, it is important to note, that receives any acceptance in the great Communist communities of the East. No good Marxist supposes it to be his duty to love, or even to give a fair chance to, a reactionary or a diversionist or any other species of human being who disagrees with or is under the displeasure of the edicts and rulers of his state. Yet the Liturgy of the Christian Church of England, itself the historic handmaiden of the English State, expressly enjoins on English men and women the obligation of prayer for "all prisoners and captives"; for all, that is, who have offended against the laws of the community. No wonder that Christ, the Architect of

a vanity and a delusion. In the hour of death, the one certain earthly consummation to which all our actions and all our minutes tend, man can derive no comfort from any of these conceptions. Only the affection of the heart remains. If only it be true and absolute affection—such affection as causes a man to lay down his life for that which he loves—even death can become a personal achievement and triumph. "Herein is my Father glorified; . . . these things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full. This is my commandment, That ye love one another as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Though it required a mind of more than human clarity and perception to grasp and enunciate such a paradoxical truth—one that after nineteen centuries of Christian teaching we are now able to take for granted, but which at the time of its first utterance must have seemed so revolutionary and paradoxical as to appear insane—it needed only the

inner experience open to every man and woman, even the humblest and most degraded, to prove its dazzling truth. A poor, starving, outlawed waif of a dog that gives its heart, absolutely and unreservedly, to a tramp who, in a spasm of pity feeds it a bone, proves the truth of Christ's saying and lives, dies and glories in the overriding, all-powerful validity of love. Stalin, in all his splendour and power and with all the obedient millions and machines at his command, cannot touch the glory and power of the meanest creature that loves wholly and purely. We may well admire the wisdom of the mediæval Christians who, in their images of the humble nativity of the Founder of their Faith, found room in that inner sanctuary of Love for the poor beasts of the field, the Ass and the Ox, which in dumb, loving

adoration and service, took their places beside the Virgin and the Holy Babe. I like, myself, knowing how much power for love lies in that lowly and, in the Orient, despised creature, to think there was room in the sacred manger for a dog. For it is not only in the heart of humankind that the mystery resides which Christ showed to be the key of our existence.

It is the function of Christmas to remind us, in recalling the mystery and benediction of Christ's birth, of the miracle that love can effect in our short, perilous and, to all material appearances, doomed lives. It is the feast in which every man and woman dedicates and gives thanks for the most precious gift life affords: the gift of being able to love. "Oh, Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this!"

THE LAYING-UP OF THE OLD COLOURS OF THE 1st BATTALION, IRISH GUARDS.



IN "SAFE AND REVERENT CUSTODY": THE OLD COLOURS OF THE 1ST BATTALION, IRISH GUARDS, IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL ON DECEMBER 12, DURING THE CEREMONY OF HANDING THEM INTO THE KEEPING OF THE CATHEDRAL.

The old Colours of the 1st Battalion, Irish Guards, were laid up on December 12 in Westminster Cathedral, where they will remain in "safe and reverent custody" until the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, is rebuilt. The Colours were brought from Chelsea Barracks, escorted by a major in charge with ninety-six rank and file and a Colour party of two officers and three sergeants. After the Colours had been laid on the piled drums and Last Post had been sounded, a short address was given by Mgr. J. M. Clarke, Principal R.C. Chaplain. Mass was then said by Father Casey. The ceremony concluded with the National Anthem. Lord Alanbrooke took the salute from the steps of the Cathedral. The old Colours were presented to the battalion by King George V. in 1927. During the war they were kept in the vaults of a bank and were returned to the battalion in 1946.

so strange a creed and practice, seems, even apart from the testimony of the Gospel story, to have had in His nature something superhuman, something that, in our search for words to express the inexpressible, we call Divine. He taught men to act outside and beyond the scope of their apparent natures.

Yet—and here lies the explanation of the success of Christianity—Christ, Himself transcending human reasoning and vision, founded His Creed on the innate capacity of every living creature both to love and to learn from love. In the confusing and desperate dilemma which terrestrial existence poses to every living, and ultimately suffering and dying, being, love affords the sole explanation of and the sole justification for the individual's lot. Everything else on which the individual sets his heart—wealth, happiness, power, success, progress—is seen inevitably in the end to be

THE RIOTS IN SINGAPORE; AND THE REUNION OF THE HERTOUGH FAMILY.



BRITISH TROOPS, CALLED IN TO SINGAPORE, ROUNDING UP RIOTING MUSLIM YOUTHS DURING THE SECOND DAY OF THE RIOTS OVER THE HERTOUGH CASE.



THE ANGRY CROWDS WHICH BEGAN THE RIOTING ON DECEMBER 11 AT SINGAPORE, WHEN THE APPEAL COURT ADJOURNED ITS DECISION IN THE HERTOUGH CASE.



BRITISH TROOPS, GURKHAS AND POLICE KEEPING CLEAR THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE SINGAPORE SUPREME COURT, WHEN THE VERDICT WAS ANNOUNCED.



DURING THE CASE, WHICH AWARDED HER CUSTODY TO HER DUTCH MOTHER, BERTHA HERTOUGH (SPECKLED SCARF, BENEATH ARM OF SIKH POLICEMAN) LEAVING THE COURT WITH HER FOSTER-MOTHER, CHE AMINAH.



THE REUNION OF THE HERTOUGH FAMILY: MRS. HERTOUGH WITH HER DAUGHTER BERTHA, TOGETHER WITH MR. HERTOUGH, WHO MET THEM AT SCHIPOL AIRPORT ON THEIR RETURN TO HOLLAND ON DECEMBER 14. WHETHER SHE REMAINS WITH HER PARENTS DEPENDS ON AN APPEAL DUE FOR HEARING IN MARCH.

As reported in our last issue, rioting broke out in Singapore on December 11, when the Appeal Court adjourned its decision in the case appealing against a refusal to grant a stay of execution of the judgment (given on December 2) which granted the custody of Maria Hertogh, also known as Bertha Hertogh and (to the Malays) as Nadra, to her mother and annulled her marriage to the Malay schoolteacher Inche Mansoor Adabi. On the following day a detachment of 7th Hussars in

twenty lorries and armoured cars reached Singapore, but despite this strengthening of the forces of law and order, rioting broke out afresh when the Court dismissed the appeal. Order was restored by December 13, by which time the casualty list was believed to be 16 killed and 157 injured. The Dutch girl left for Holland by air with her mother on December 12, reaching Amsterdam on December 14. The parents must, however, produce the child before the High Court again if required.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF PORTSMOUTH: MR. CHURCHILL, WITH THE LORD MAYOR.
On December 11 Mr. Churchill received the Freedom of the City of Portsmouth. The Lord Mayor moved the resolution conferring the Freedom, and after it had been carried he handed to Mr. Churchill the Freedom scroll enclosed in a carved casket made of oak from H.M.S. *Victory*. A large audience watched the ceremony.



SARDAR VALLABHAI PATEL.
Died in Bombay on December 15, after a heart attack. He was seventy-five. He was Deputy Prime Minister of India and Minister for Home Affairs, Information and Broadcasting, and the States. He is the second of India's great triumvirate—Gandhi, Nehru, Patel—to die. He was twice imprisoned.



LT.-COL. D. B. DRYSDALE.
In command of the Royal Marine Commando unit in Korea, he was twice wounded during the fighting with the withdrawal from the Changjin area to the Hamhung beach-head, but refused to be evacuated by air. He was highly praised for his example by the U.S. Marines. He is thirty-three, and served in Burma during World War II.



MR. JOHN WYRILL BAYLEY.
Died suddenly on December 10, aged sixty-three. Since last May he had been chairman and managing director of Ellerman Lines. He was a member of the General Council of British Shipping, of the Council of the Chamber of Shipping, of the United Kingdom, and of the executive council of the Shipping Federation.



MR. IAN M. R. MACLENNAN.
To be the first High Commissioner for the U.K. in Southern Rhodesia. He will take up his post in February, 1951. Mr. MacLennan is at present in charge of the South Asian Department of the Commonwealth Relations Office. From 1945-48 he served in the office of the U.K. High Commissioner in South Africa.



USING A PADDLE TO STIR THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING: MRS. CHURCHILL IN THE GALLEY OF INDOMITABLE.
Mrs. Churchill, who accompanied Mr. Churchill on his recent visit to Portsmouth, attended a private luncheon on board H.M.S. *Indomitable*, which she launched in 1939. During her visit to the aircraft-carrier she helped to stir the Christmas pudding, using a Carley Float paddle, as an officer added the rum.



AWARDED THE BRITISH EMPIRE MEDAL: DENNIS SMITH, SHOWING THE PRIME MINISTER'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.
It was announced in the *London Gazette* of December 12, that sixteen-year-old Dennis Smith, of Clacton-on-Sea, had been awarded the British Empire Medal for rescuing a boy in danger of drowning. He swam out to the boy, who was in difficulties after his canoe had capsized at Jaywick. In our photograph he is wearing the Royal Humane Society Medal.



ONE OF BRITAIN'S LEADING CONCERT PIANISTS PLAYS AGAIN: MISS HARRIET COHEN PRACTISING.
Miss Harriet Cohen, the celebrated concert pianist, played the piano with both hands for the first time for nearly three years on December 13, when she gave a short recital at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Mayfair. In 1947 she cut her right hand in an accident, severing an artery.



THIRTEENTH IN SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE: VISCOUNT LASCELLES WITH HIS MOTHER, THE COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD.
Viscount Lascelles, the infant son and first child of the Earl and Countess of Harewood, was born on October 21. He is Queen Mary's third great-grandchild. Our photograph, taken at their home in Orme Square, Bayswater, London, shows the baby with his mother. The Countess, formerly Miss Marion Stein, married the Earl of Harewood in 1949.



THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE NOBEL FOUNDATION: EIGHT NOBEL PRIZE-WINNERS WHO RECEIVED THEIR AWARDS FROM KING GUSTAV IN STOCKHOLM ON DECEMBER 10.
Two Britons, three Americans, two Germans and one Swiss received Nobel Prizes from King Gustav on December 10 in recognition of their services to mankind. Our photograph shows: (standing, l. to r.) M. Tadeus Reichstein; Mr. Philip S. Hench; Mr. Edward C. Kendall and Lord Russell (Bertrand Russell). Sitting (l. to r.) Professor C. F. Powell; Professor Otto Diels; Mr. Kurt Alder and Mr. William Faulkner. Twenty-nine past prize-winners were present.



BRITISH PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS OF THE YEAR: PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE THIRD ANNUAL COMPETITION AND EXHIBITION WITH FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY.
Field Marshal Lord Montgomery presented awards on December 14 to British Press photographers who were successful in the third annual competition sponsored by the "Encyclopædia Britannica" Book of the Year. Our photograph shows Field Marshal Lord Montgomery with the prize-winners at the Savoy Hotel, next to him (right, front row) is Mr. Stanley Devon, of the *Daily Graphic*, who received the major award as British News Photographer of 1950.

INTERNATIONAL POLITICS, LOCAL AFFAIRS AND SEAFARING ADVENTURE.



ABOARD THE AMPHIBIOUS "JEEP" IN WHICH HE AND HIS WIFE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC: MR. FREDERICK CARLIN IN FUNCHAL BAY, MADEIRA.
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Carlin completed their crossing of the Atlantic by amphibious jeep from Nova Scotia to the Azores in the late summer, this being their third attempt. They reached Madeira after encountering contrary winds and being refuelled by a patrol boat from Flores.



A PICTURESQUE VILLAGE IN KENT SOLD BY THE MARQUESS CONYNHAM: ONE OF THE COTTAGES OF PATRIBOURNE, NEAR CANTERBURY.
Marquess Conyngham recently sold the twenty-eight cottages of Patribourne for a sum reported to have been a little over £3000 because, it is stated, the low rents do not pay for necessary repairs. Lord Conyngham's Kent mansion, Biffons, has been demolished as it proved unsaleable.



CHIEFS OF STAFF IN SESSION: FACING CAMERA (L. TO R.) AIR MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM ELLIOT, CHIEF STAFF OFFICER, MINISTRY OF DEFENCE; MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. SIR JOHN SLESSOR, CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF; ADMIRAL SHERMAN (U.S.) AND GENERAL GRUENTHER (U.S.).
The Military Committee of the North Atlantic Treaty Powers reached a definite agreement on December 12 and on the following day held a meeting with the North Atlantic Council Deputies, at which agreement was reached on recommendations for the proposed German share in defence. These were due to be submitted to the North Atlantic Defence Committee and North Atlantic Council at Brussels this week.



THE PREMIER IN OTTAWA: SIR A. CLUTTERBUCK, BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER, FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM, C.I.G.S., MR. ATTLEE, MR. THOMAS GREEN, AND (R.) MR. PHILIP JORDAN.
During Mr. Attlee's visit to Ottawa he broadcast to the Canadian people, and on December 10 he held a Press conference in Parliament Building, Ottawa. He said that he and Mr. Truman were very close in their opinions on objectives and methods, and all they had discussed had been in the light of their common membership of the United Nations.



THE SUSPENSION OF MARSHALL AID TO BRITAIN: MR. GAITSKELL, WHO HAS ANNOUNCED THIS, WITH MR. W. BATT (SEATED), CHIEF OF THE E.C.A. IN THE U.K.
The suspension of Marshall Aid to this country was announced on December 13 to the House by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gaitskell. Mr. W. L. Batt, Chief of the Economic Co-operation Administration in the U.K., has stated that no other country which had received aid on a large scale was in anything like the position of Great Britain.



MR. SYDNEY R. JONES, AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.
Mr. Jones, author and artist—he illustrates his own books as well as those of other writers—is the author of "London Triumphant" and "Thames Triumphant." He has also written an invaluable little book for those who wish to make sketches on their journeys called "How to Draw Houses." The book reviewed on this page is the second of a trilogy covering the whole of England. The first was "England South"; the third, "England East," is to follow.

The division of the country which has been arranged by Mr. Jones (doubtless he found it convenient) would not make a general appeal. It is true



MAXSTOKE CASTLE, A MOATED FORTIFIED HOME BEGUN BY WILLIAM DE CLINTON IN 1345 AND STILL INHABITED. TWO KINGS OF ENGLAND SLEPT HERE; RICHARD III. ON HIS WAY TO BOSWORTH FIELD AND HENRY VII. ON THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.

that his vertical slice of England running from beyond Carlisle to beyond Monmouth would be recognised by cartographers as being on the western side of the country. Yet the south-western peninsula sticks out much further to the west than any of Mr. Jones's counties. In a former volume, it seems, Mr. Jones counted Cornwall, Devon, Somerset and Dorset as parts of "England South." I happen myself to come from Devonshire. I must confess that should somebody from Lancaster or Keswick come up to me and say: "Of course, you fellows from Devon don't understand us West Countrymen; we are a race apart," I should at least stammer: "Oh, I say. Look here. . . . Dash it all. . . . You know, really, I can't quite accept that"; and my great-grandfather, after such a colloquy, might have given the Lancastrian Two Lovely Black Eyes. However, that doesn't matter very much. Mr. Jones, an enthusiast for landscape and the past if ever there was one, is set on sketching through England as a caterpillar is set on eating through a leaf; and if he continues as he has begun there will be few beautiful buildings, and not many beautiful wide prospects, unrecorded by his pen or his pencil.

There is here no such single journey as is recorded in "Wild Wales" or "The Path to Rome": Mr. Jones seems to have covered various parts at various times in various ways: certainly on foot and in a car, perhaps on a bicycle. And this is certainly not a guide-book. If a man wants a guide-book to England or any part of it, Baedeker's "England" is certainly the book for him: it may miss some pretty sequestered nooks which Mr. Jones records, but it would not fail to observe (as Mr. Jones has not space or time to observe) that King John is buried in Worcester Cathedral, or that in the great church on a hill at Wolverhampton (the church is mentioned) there is a bronze statue of an Elizabethan Admiral standing upright on his tomb as he must have stood on his bridge—a pleasant change from the almost universal recumbency. And, in a sub-divisional way, there is the "Highways and Byways" Series, illustrated by a number of admirable artists, with the late F. L. Griggs, R.A., supreme amongst them, and probably

WITH PEN AND PENCIL THROUGH THE WEST.

"ENGLAND WEST": By SYDNEY R. JONES.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

covering almost all of Mr. Jones's ground. I say "almost" for the simple reason that a book as large as his about a single county, even were it Rutland, could not fail to miss exquisite scenes and stones.

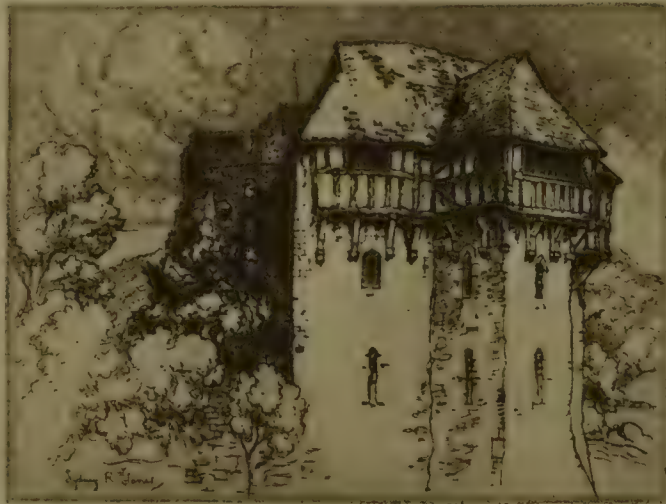
Mr. Jones produces hundreds of drawings of things he loves, and an ardent, hurried, crowded text to go with them. Now he is at Compton Wynnyates, now at Chatsworth, and he compels himself, during his progress, to face the Black Country and the Potteries: I am obliged to suggest that his Index could be improved: Arnold Bennett is mentioned in the text but not in the Index; Josiah Wedgwood is mentioned in the text but not in the Index. Mr. Jones's excuse might be that he simply couldn't catch up with all the things he was keen about, and that he had to mention so many things that no Index could enumerate them all without being as large as the book.

Mr. Jones has a volume, halved in size because of his illustrations, in which to indicate the antique riches of "England West"; I have but a page. He has room for pictures of Chester and Warwick and Stokesay and Chipping Campden, Carlisle and Brougham Castle: I, who know most of the places in his Lower West, but am only in spots acquainted with the dales and peel-towers in his Upper West, cannot possibly traverse his whole region.

He himself has to compress in the most forcible manner. Look at this for a maelstrom of facts: "Infant waters flow down. The Trent begins a long course from Biddulph Moor, near to the Elizabethan hall ruins wrecked when a Royalist Brereton faced a Parliamentary Brereton. The Manifold, Hamps and Churnet, lovely rivers all, leave the heights. They descend to green borderlands and woods, swish below crags in green valleys. Circling and rippling melodiously, the clear streams perform remarkably well in amplifying the stuff of picturesqueness, romance, history and memories. At Beeston Tor nature's towers crown a memorable scene at the meeting of the Hamps and the Manifold. The Churnet's divine loveliness at Alton is piled with the Talbot turrets, battlements and dogs rampant, Pugin's chapels, de Verdun's ruined Norman keep, immense and singular effects that might do for a fabled vision, castles on the Rhine, or a nightmare in fairyland. Apart from pre-historic finds in Thor's Cave, high on the bold rocks above the Manifold, and remains left by Saxons and Danes in the cave at the base of Beeston Tor, previous

Dr. Johnson in 1774; many years earlier underground rivers probably had no effect on William Congreve sitting in the grotto writing 'The Old Bachelor,' the play that delighted London, shocked the Jeremiahs, and made the author's name when produced at the Theatre Royal in 1693. Mary Howitt liked to climb and write on 'the top of Caldon-Low' above the River Hamp, and Ellastone, between the Rivers Churnet and Dove, gave George Eliot 'Hayslope' for 'Adam Bede.'"

This makes me rather dizzy. So many things are mentioned in so short a space. Within a page we are whirled to Cotton and Walton and the River Dove, Uttoxeter, Dr. Johnson, John of Gaunt, Simon de Montfort and Mary, Queen of Scots. We also reach, inevitably and sadly, the Cromwellians: "Cromwellians achieved the wreck now to be seen—proud Lancaster's two stately halls, window traceries, carved fireplaces, vaulted undercrofts, the stone gateway, buildings round the tilt-yard, all shattered and mouldy relics. Latterly the yard has staged only tilts, arguments and a fight or two between antiquaries who meditate on mounds, stones, usually disagree on everything, and retire to the Dog and Partridge, an inn with black timbers intact after centuries of wear." Whatever the antiquaries may disagree about, they can hardly disagree about the Cromwellians. In books like this their trails are everywhere, like the slimy relics of so many slugs: if they saw an ancient stone they wanted to deface it, if they saw an ancient



STOKESAY CASTLE. THIS RARE SURVIVAL OF A FORTIFIED HOME WAS ERECTED BY THE DE LUDLOW FAMILY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. LATER BUILDERS ADDED THE OVERHANGING TIMBERING AND AN ELIZABETHAN GATEHOUSE.

light they wanted to blow it out: in any book of this sort laments about their destruction of houses, castles and churches, statues and windows, is bound to be recurrent. The words "Cromwell" and "Cromwellians" do not appear in Mr. Jones's Index; I can only suppose that he did not wish to overcrowd the Index.

North, south, east and west the builders for a thousand years put up their gracious structures; in spite of the Cromwellians and other vandals of later date a vast amount survives everywhere. Many of the buildings which Mr. Jones draws are familiar to me as what I suppose he calls a South English man, or even a Sussex man from the edge of Dartmoor; I needed no introduction to Gloucester and the Cotswold towns, to Tewkesbury and Warwick, to Shrewsbury and Chester, and recognition was blended with my pleasure at sight of his drawings of "the sylvan Wye." But no man, unless he makes a job of his survey like Mr. Jones and Defoe, can know every town, let alone every village, in England, and, for myself, when he gets to that part of the West which is commonly called the North, he draws and describes places on which I have never set eyes, and in such a way as to tempt me to set out on my travels again, on foot. I don't think, however, that this is



BROUGHAM CASTLE, IN WESTMORLAND. THE GATEHOUSE (c. 1270) AND THE KEEP (c. 1170) OF THE HOME OF THE CLIFFORDS STANDING BETWEEN THE PENNINE RANGE AND THE LAKELAND MOUNTAINS. A ROMANTIC STORY OF HENRY, THE SHEPHERD LORD CLIFFORD, INSPIRED WORDSWORTH'S POEM, "SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE."

Illustrations by Sydney Jones from the book "England West"; reproduced by Courtesy of the Publishers, The Studio Publications.

distinguished arrivals and their places are remembered. Copper miners, for example, delved enough cash value out of Ecton Hill to enable Carr of York to design and build the fine eighteenth-century Crescent at Buxton for a Duke of Devonshire. The Manifold's disappearing trick below ground at Ilam completely mystified

quite the month for the launching of such an expedition; come May and the lilacs perhaps, and I may be listening to the bells of Cartmel or musing over the memorials of the Legions on the Roman Wall.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1054 of this issue.

* "England West." By Sydney R. Jones. Illustrations by the Author. (Studio Publications; 18s.)



WREATHED IN SMOKE AND CLOAKED WITH FIRE: AN AIRMAN'S VIEW OF MOUNT ETNA IN ERUPTION.

The eruption of Mount Etna, which began on November 25, is, at the time of writing, continuing with unabated violence. Our photograph taken from the air shows the cone of the volcano, from which clouds of smoke billow out into the air, while the great streams of lava can be seen pouring down the slopes to give greater impetus to the wall of glowing lava which has swept forward burying houses and cultivated land in its path. During the night searchlights have been played on the

slopes of the volcano to assist the watch on the lava advancing towards the villages of Milo and Renazzo, which have been evacuated, in some cases the inhabitants even stripping the tiles from the roofs of their houses before leaving. The lava reached Renazzo on December 6 and on the 10th some houses in Milo were overwhelmed. On December 12 the half-mile-wide stream of lava was reported to have changed direction and to be only 1200 yards from the village of Fornazzo.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IN the late summer of 1927 I went out to Chile for a six-months plant-collecting expedition with my friend, Dr. W. Balfour Gourlay.

We landed in Valparaiso in September—the Chilean spring—and one of the first things that I saw on the way to my hotel gave me a good impression of that pleasant town. A kerbside hawker was holding up for sale not a box of matches, not a bunch of "violets, sweet violets," but a gigantic lobster. We soon learned that it was not a true lobster, but a species of crawfish, imported from Juan Fernandez, "Robinson Crusoe's Island," some 350 miles

A CHRISTMAS INTERLUDE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

On this occasion I remembered my first Christmas abroad, on a fruit farm in South Africa. I was invited by my English boss for Christmas dinner and an English family party. The temperature was 107 deg. in the shade—not that one need go into the shade. But we did worse. After a heavy heating bout of turkey, plum pudding, mince-pies, port and the rest, we adjourned to the drawing-room for a Christmas-tree. To give full effect to the lighted candles the curtains had been drawn, and the temperature rose to the neighbourhood of a hundred and hell. I suppose I was grateful, but I know I was near death, and miserable almost to the point of howling. When all

was over it was a relief to go out into the blinding white heat of African sunshine—and forget that it was Christmas.

With this in mind, I hoped at all costs to avoid a synthetic English Christmas even in the most hospitable Anglo-Chilean home. Gourlay felt the same about it.

A shipping company solved our problem, by advertising a three-day Christmas trip to Robinson Crusoe's Island. We booked passages, and sailed on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. She was a fine liner, comfortable to the point of luxury, and the Pacific was—pacific.

Crusoe's Island looked romantic and enchanting as we steamed into Cumberland Bay early on Christmas morning, rugged, mountainous and sub-tropical. As we came to anchor Crusoe and Man Friday boarded us from a row-boat, rather in the manner of Neptune on the Equator. The goat and the parrot had remained ashore. I went ashore after breakfast armed with sandwiches, a mince-pie and a bottle of beer, determined to spend a completely solitary Crusoe Christmas. I had, moreover, a mission to fulfil. Shortly before

that of my pill-bug—as *Isopoda elliottiana*.

Gourlay went off to do dramatic things among the upper precipices of the island. His best find was a handsome saxatile *Wahlenbergia* with big blue bell flowers. I passed up the principal street, the main shopping centre of the little settlement. There were scattered shacks and small houses on one side of the street only. On the other side was undeveloped scrub. But a pretty little stream trickled down the centre of the street, with clumps of white arum lilies growing in it.

And so up on to the mountainside, where alone and idly wandering I collected seeds of an attractive *pernettya* and gathered a great harvest of pill-bugs. I picnic-lunched on the outskirts of a thicket, from which came the most lovely fluting song of a bird, strangely rich and melodious. Far below, looking like a tiny toy boat, lay our liner in Cumberland Bay. And there, too, looking like a toy boat's life-boats lay the special little steamers which take the famous crawfish to Valparaiso.

By mid-afternoon I began to wish that I had not finished the whole of my bottle of beer. I worked my way down to the foreshore and there found refreshments which had been sent ashore from our liner. And I fell in with an Englishman—a fellow-traveller—and his enchanting daughter aged six, or perhaps seven. She and I spent a blissful hour or so picking up shells and seaweed and looking for Man Friday's famous footprint in the sand. We failed to find it. But retracing our steps my small friend kept picking up a perfect paperchase of little silver coins. How thrilled she was, bless her little heart. Did it ever occur to her, I wonder, later in life, how those miraculous coins came to be there? I hope not. Romantic illusions are best retained, romantic and unshattered.

On board that evening I enjoyed some very odd fishing with a hand-line. There were fish there, but I caught none. They were fairly big fellows, and in the dusk they were curiously luminous, with phosphorescent flashes as they wheeled and darted round my bait—without taking—like a school of miniature flying saucers in roguish mood.

Dinner in the saloon that evening was full-blooded British Christmas, with all the traditional adjuncts—turkey, mince-pies, Christmas pudding, holly, crackers, streamers, and great quantities of champagne, followed by dancing under the mistletoe—imitation, but in good



IN THE DESOLATE AND SAVAGE COUNTRY WHICH IS THE HOME OF *ALSTRAEMERIA LIGTU*: AT RIO BLANCO, IN CHILE, THE VIEW FROM THE INN WHERE MR. ELLIOTT'S SLEEP WAS DISTURBED BY AN EARTHQUAKE. THESE EARTHQUAKES WERE IN THE HABIT OF SHAKING DOWN BOULDERS LIKE THOSE BEHIND THE RAMSHACKLE HUT IN THE PICTURE. ODDLY ENOUGH, THIS HUT WAS LIT BY ELECTRICITY. [Photograph by Clarence Elliott.]

out in the Pacific. We learned, too, to lose no opportunity of eating them. They were surely the best crawfish in the world; crisp, nutty and most delicately flavoured. With such fare, Crusoe had nothing to complain of.

Another important thing which we saw in Valparaiso was a very lovely native flower being sold in the flower market. Big *chionodoxa*-like blossoms of a clear light blue shading to a white centre. They were long-lasting, almond-scented, and carried in loose umbels on slender, wiry, 18-in. stems. The perfect cut flower. Gathered wild at Coquimbo, 350 miles north of Valparaiso, they had been brought down the coast by steamer. Off we dashed to Coquimbo, where we spent several weeks on a hospitable Chilean farm collecting bulbs of our blue wonder-flower. Its name we found was *Leucocoryne ixioideis odorata*. For everyday utility garden purposes I christened it "Glory of the Sun," and the name has stuck. A year or two later *The Illustrated London News* published a superb colour plate of this flower.

From Coquimbo we went to Rio Blanco, at about 9000 ft. on the Trans-Andean Railway, and it was there that we found *Alstræmeria ligtu*, of which I have already written in these articles. We found it growing in great profusion, and its wide heads of clear pink lily-like blossoms stood out in exquisite contrast to the dour, forbidding ground on which they grew—stone slides and wide expanses of dull-coloured shingle and broken rock.

At Rio Blanco, too, we came in for an unpleasantly rackety earthquake. Rather tactlessly it was staged—and I might add dramatised—at midnight. The little inn at which we were staying was one-storied and lightly built, so that there was little danger of its collapsing and pulping us. Nevertheless, we nipped nimbly out into the open in our pyjamas until the racket subsided. What did perturb us more than somewhat was the chance of boulders from above. The whole valley was strewn with huge rocks, which no doubt had come down the mountain sides during former shakes. Many of them were almost as big as the inn itself—enough to kill anyone. But all was well, nothing happened, except noise. By late December we were back in Valparaiso, among the crawfish, and we were faced with the problem of how and where to spend Christmas. My own inclination is always for the traditional Christmas, with holly, mistletoe, carols, as big a turkey and as big a household as may be, and, above all, masses of children. To be quite perfect one should, of course, be a child oneself.



CHRISTMAS DAY ON ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND: LOOKING DOWN INTO CUMBERLAND BAY, JUAN FERNANDEZ. IN THE BAY CAN BE SEEN THE CRUISE LINER AND, NEARER INSHORE, THE BOATS WHICH FISH FOR "SURELY THE BEST CRAWFISH IN THE WORLD, CRISP, NUTTY AND MOST DELICATELY FLAVOURED." [Photograph by W. Balfour Gourlay.]

I left England I had attended a scientific lecture at the London Zoo. It was on woodlice or pill-bugs. The lecturer to whom I was introduced pressed upon me a battery of small glass collecting bottles filled with spirit, and implored me to bring home from Chile as many woodlice from as many localities as possible. Here, I thought, on remote Crusoe's Island I ought to find rare specimens of pill-bug. I might find an entirely new species. My name might even go down immortalised in the annals of science—coupled with

working order. Next day a calm, lazy, sun-basking run back to Valparaiso, to more intensive travel and more plant collecting. It had been the best Christmas I ever spent—out of England.

There was only one fly in the ointment, and I only discovered it on my return to England. Nor was it actually a fly, but a pill-bug. My carefully collected specimens of *Isopoda* turned out to be the commonest and the most widely distributed of all species of pill-bug.



DISPLAYED IN A NEW YORK HOTEL FOLLOWING ITS SUCCESSFUL DÉBUT IN LONDON: THE NEW JAGUAR MARK VII. SALOON ON SHOW IN THE U.S.A.

One of the models which attracted much attention at the Motor Show at Earl's Court in October was the new Jaguar Mark VII. saloon, and American trade buyers booked 20,000,000 dollar's-worth of orders. The actual show model was later displayed in New York, where it was seen by thousands.



GAY WITH STARS AND GARLANDS OF LIGHT: AN ENCHANTING STREET VISTA OF BRUSSELS, SHOWING THE DECORATIONS WHICH MARK CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO GREECE: PRINCE PHILIP, THE KING OF GREECE, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, QUEEN FREDERIKA AND THE PRINCESSES SOPHIA AND IRENE ON THE ACROPOLIS.

Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip concluded their visit to Greece on December 12, sailing from Phalaron Bay, the Princess in H.M.S. *Surprise* and Prince Philip in H.M.S. *Maggie*, which he commands. The Royal travellers saw many famous Greek antiquities during their visit, spending the morning of December 11 on the Acropolis and in the National Museum, and breaking their journey to Malta in the Gulf of Corinth to go ashore and visit the seat of the Delphic oracle.

PICTORIAL NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS: A MISCELLANY OF TOPICAL EVENTS.



YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN MOTOR DESIGN: THE NEW AUSTIN A.70 HEREFORD SALOON BESIDE ITS LINEAL ANCESTOR, THE ORIGINAL SINGLE-CYLINDER AUSTIN SEVEN OF 1909. In 1909, period of the original single-cylinder Austin Seven, the total output by Austin's for the year was 402 vehicles. To-day this figure is achieved in less than five hours at the present rate of one vehicle every 44 seconds. The new Austin A.70 was first seen at the recent Earl's Court Motor Show.



A "GREAT WHITE WAY" IN WHICH ELEGANT ILLUMINATIONS COMBINE WITH COMMERCIAL LIGHT-SIGNS TO ADORN A PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE OF BRUSSELS.

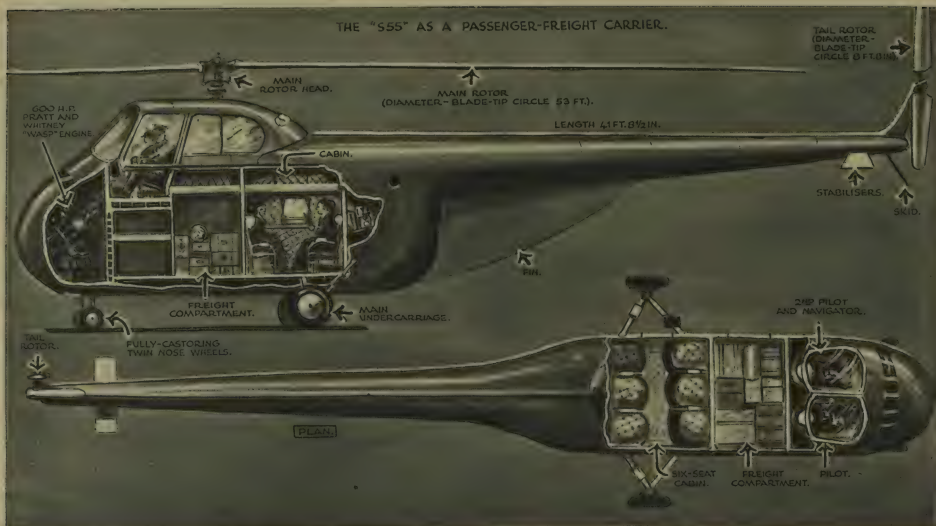
Brussels, the capital of Belgium, and recently the scene of the meeting of the North Atlantic Council, is nowadays one of the gayest and liveliest of Northern European capitals. It is the meeting-place of Belgium's French- and Flemish-speaking strains and has close French and English associations.



AN OIL TANKER OF 28,000 TONS DEADWEIGHT: THE BRITISH ADVENTURE, WHICH WAS LAUNCHED AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS ON DECEMBER 12.

The *British Adventure*, being built for the British Tanker Company, is the largest oil tanker to have been launched for the owners and also the largest to be launched from the works of Vickers-Armstrongs at Barrow. Technically the new ship is all-welded. The only riveting is that required by Lloyd's Register, under whose survey the vessel is being built, with a view to its being accorded the highest classification for a ship of this type.

THE "S55" AS A PASSENGER-FREIGHT CARRIER.



THE "S55" AS A FLYING AMBULANCE AND AS A TROOP CARRIER.



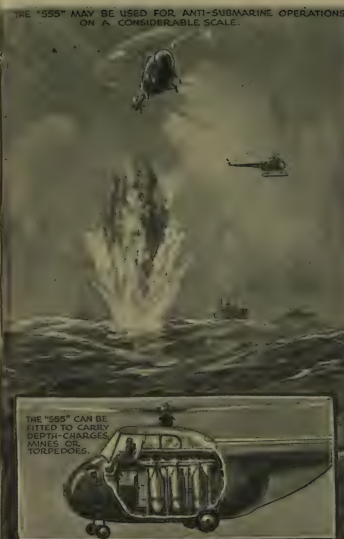
THE LATEST TYPE OF "ALL-PURPOSE" HELICOPTER TO BE BUILT IN ENGLAND: A SERIES OF

Recently it was announced that the Westland Aircraft Company, of Yeovil, are to build in England the latest type of Sikorsky helicopter. Known as the "S.55," this aircraft represents a considerable advance on previous types, and can be adapted for many uses in peace and war. Details of the "S.55" and some of the uses to which it can be put are illustrated on these pages. It will be seen

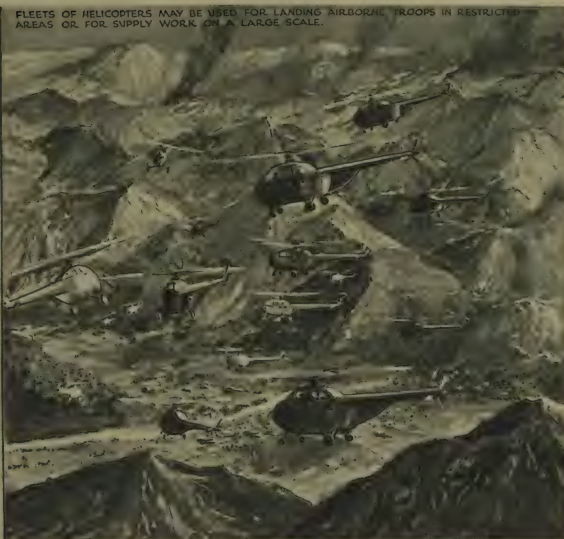
that it can be employed as a passenger-freight carrier, as a flying ambulance, and as a troop-carrier. An important feature of the aircraft is the powerful hoist, by means of which people can be raised from the ground to the helicopter when the nature of the terrain makes a landing impossible—a valuable aid in rescue operations in mountainous country. At sea this big helicopter can carry

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE

THE "S55" MAY BE USED FOR ANTI-SUBMARINE OPERATIONS ON A CONSIDERABLE SCALE.



FLEETS OF HELICOPTERS MAY BE USED FOR LANDING AIRBORNE TROOPS IN RESTRICTED AREAS OR FOR SUPPLY WORK ON A LARGE SCALE.



USING THE POWER HOIST FOR RESCUE WORK IN AN AREA WHERE LANDING IS IMPOSSIBLE



DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING THE ADAPTABILITY OF THE SIKORSKY "S.55" IN PEACE AND WAR.

out many duties—submarine hunting, observing for naval gunnery, and ship-to-shore transport. The United States Navy is reported to have ordered 200 of these helicopters for use at sea. At first the British-built "S.55" will be powered by the American 600-h.p. Pratt and Whitney Wasp engine, but it is hoped that later on suitable British engines will be available. The three-bladed

CO-OPERATION OF WESTLAND AIRCRAFT COMPANY, YEovil.

main rotor has a blade-tip diameter of 53 ft. and the rotor-head is of entirely new design. Dual controls are fitted, and the normal fuel capacity gives the aircraft a range of about 400 miles. The "S.55" has a top speed of 110 m.p.h., cruises at 86 m.p.h. at 1000 ft. and climbs at a rate of about 1000 ft. per minute. In Korea the "S.51" (an earlier type) has been used in large numbers by U.N. forces.

THIS time last year I was writing about Christmas, as I am to-day. It seemed to me then that the Christmas spirit, religious and secular, was sadly lacking; but in fact the background of December, 1949, was far less ugly and dangerous than that of this year. This makes it harder than it was then to assume any rôle other than that of *Laudator temporis acti* in writing of Christmas this year. It so chances, however, that I am now revisiting Ireland, including the scene of my last year's article. I am not actually intending to stay here over Christmas, but am due to return some days earlier. I hope that this visit to my native Ireland and my native Ulster has brought back, if temporarily only, a little ease of spirit which will be favourable to the Christmas atmosphere. This is certainly the first occasion for some little time that my mind, distracted and oppressed by forebodings, has been given a chance of release from cares which have come thickly upon it. I hope, too, that all, or nearly all, of us will on this day enjoy a share of the happiness which belongs to Christmas, and that the many family reunions which are so pleasant a part of it will re-create "the old Christmas spirit."

In my Christmas festivities of the past the turkey and the plum pudding have always played a leading part. We never went in for the Christmas goose, mainly, I believe, because my mother professed that she could detect an unpleasant flavour of linseed in our Irish geese. My father had many friends among the farmers, so that, after our own selected bird had been made ready for the oven, there generally arrived another, sometimes two, from one of them, bearing, it might be—for such is Ulster—a message on the label not as complimentary as it ought to have been, especially at that season, to the Church of Rome. Our Roman Catholic cooks were not unduly shocked. The gift turkey was sometimes alive, indeed, very much so. My small brother on one occasion took it upon himself to liberate a twenty-pound cock bird, and a fearful scene followed. "There they were, the two o' them, the turkey and Master Leslie, roarin' an' wrastlin' under the kitchen table, an' he with blood on his head where he got pecked," reported the cook, who behaved in this emergency more promptly than Grouchy at Waterloo. One had to be something of a campaigner to kill, pluck, clean, singe, and—worst task of all—pull out the leg tendons of a large turkey. It is not a job which such modern cooks as survive would or could undertake.

However, I said nearly all I had to say about Christmas in my youth when I wrote last year. The happiness of youth can be recaptured later, but in a milder, quieter form. The old excitement cannot be recovered by the adults, except in so far as they are warmed by its reflection from their children. One of the happiest Christmases of my adult life was that after the armistice, which ended the hostilities of the First World War. The division with which I was serving formed part of the forces of occupation, but was stationed in second line, some way west of the Rhine, and had only just crossed the frontier from Belgium. We were in the mountainous, wooded, Eiffel country, always a German holiday resort in both summer and winter. Headquarters occupied the pleasant little town of Schleiden, perched on a steep hill, which provided good skiing. That we had been enjoying, floundering about for the most part, to the amusement of the local children, who were experts from the age of six. We were happy, and at dinner it was psychological wine of victory, rather than the wine which was poured from bottles, which made "B" Mess so gay.

If I remember aright, there was a little cock-fighting, an amusement which never appealed to me because, owing to my light weight, I was so easily knocked over. Late in the evening the door-knocker thundered. Somebody ran to the door and pulled it open. Outside, in the thick snow, was "A" Mess, the divisional commander with his senior staff officers and aides-de-camp. I have written something here about General Sir Robert Whigham, in 1948, when writing of the Armistice, then thirty years old. He died this year, having for several years been a member of what he called "the over-Eighty Club." We corresponded almost to the last. Certain pictures from the past remain with us, for reasons difficult to analyse, in striking clarity when those of seemingly greater importance have faded. That of the General in the midst of the little group, his ruddy, handsome face making all the rest look rather commonplace, is one of the most vivid of these. It is

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

one which generally reappears among the first when I look back on former Christmas Days. In came the party, stamping the snow off their shoes. We gave them drinks and tunelessly informed the General that he was a jolly good fellow. He replied cheerfully that we were all jolly good fellows, which, at that time and in those surroundings, nobody could deny.

A few less clear-cut pictures slip by. Then comes a series, vivid as such, but one in which the individual pictures are hard to distinguish. The scene is an old house on a farm on the outskirts of London. To-day the land is largely covered with little red-brick houses. The cattle are only a memory, but one distinguished lady, known

has come round full circle, and I see reproduced incidents, or at least the spirit, of my own childhood, when I was a small boy, my sister was looking on wonderingly, and my brother was an infant in arms. So ran the sequence in a happy family; so, let us hope, it will continue to run. My mother-in-law's introductory formula never varied. When the turkey appeared, she would exclaim, with deep pessimism: "Well, I never thought I should live to see such a turkey as this come to my table!" The turkey was, in fact, always superlative, and even she would soon have to admit that it was good, though not up to the standard of the year before last. Am I right in supposing there are no such turkeys now?

The last scene of all that I shall set on record is later, and is under twenty years old. It is set upon the shore of a great and lovely Irish lough. From the window can be seen a long, green island, without modern habitation, but displaying a famous round tower, the ruins of an abbey and a church, those of the little house of a saint, and the tombs of old Maguires, once a princely family in these parts. Within a few days I hope to set eyes again on that lough, on the waters of which, in a yacht, or along the shores with a gun, I enjoyed so much happiness. This was the quietest Christmas I ever spent, but very happy for all that. There were only three of us in the house: my father, my brother and myself; and on Christmas Day my father had to go out to dinner. A turkey for two people would have been an absurdity, but there was a substitute in a noble cock pheasant which I had shot a few days before. My brother and I washed it and the plum-pudding down with a bottle of champagne. That was my last Christmas spent in the surroundings of my youth, in a very different atmosphere from the earlier ones, but still pleasant to look back upon. A few years later my father died, and that link was broken.

One sort of Christmas festivity I have never experienced, that taking place in a restaurant. It may have its merits, but they are not such as attract me. We must pass from innocence to sophistication with time, but that seems to me to be going too far. Even the solitary, with no family, kin, or intimate friends with whom to gather, might in my view be happier in his lodgings with his memories than under the glaring lights amid a crowd of strangers. That, however, is a matter of choice, and it would be narrow-minded to condemn a preference which differs from one's own.

Perhaps those who are given to brooding unless they place themselves on such occasions amid crowds, noise, and glitter, show wisdom in going out to the best public Christmas festivity that their purses will afford. It must be acknowledged that in these days brooding comes all too readily to those naturally disposed to it. Very many people have known times which to themselves personally were far harder than the present. No one living has known times, except at the end of 1940 more harsh and menacing.

The result is that there must be an element of nostalgia in the Christmas spirit for all except the very young. Yet it is not only bad times which bring nostalgia; the mere passage of the years also tends to produce the same effect. To some austere and stern minds nostalgia is a weakness, almost a crime. Those who indulge in it may retort that it has served as foundation for masterpieces of literature and felicities in literature not attaining that standard. I, for one, admit without shame occasional indulgence in it, and I claim it to be, if not over indulged in, a balm to the spirit rather than a noxious drug. "Dieu nous a donné la souvenir," and it is the last thing but life that any human being can take from us.

And so I do not think blame will be due to those who this Christmas look back on past anniversaries with a measure of sadness that such good days are no more, or even invest them with a splendour and beauty largely the product of reminiscence and in a light that never was on sea or land.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: ILLUSTRATIONS AND QUOTATIONS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF DECEMBER 21, 1850.



"BLESS THE RAILWAYS—WHAT A BUSTLE! WHY SUCH FACES—WILD YET CHEERFUL?": THE ARRIVAL OF THE CHRISTMAS TRAIN, EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY, IN 1850. DRAWN BY DUNCAN.

A poem entitled "The Christmas Parcels Train" which accompanied the above illustration is enough to make anybody nostalgic about "the good old days." "... Has the Parcels Train arrived? ... What brings these oysters, row on row, That marvellous pile, that wondrous show, Those countless scores of ducks and geese, Those pheasants, turkeys. ..."



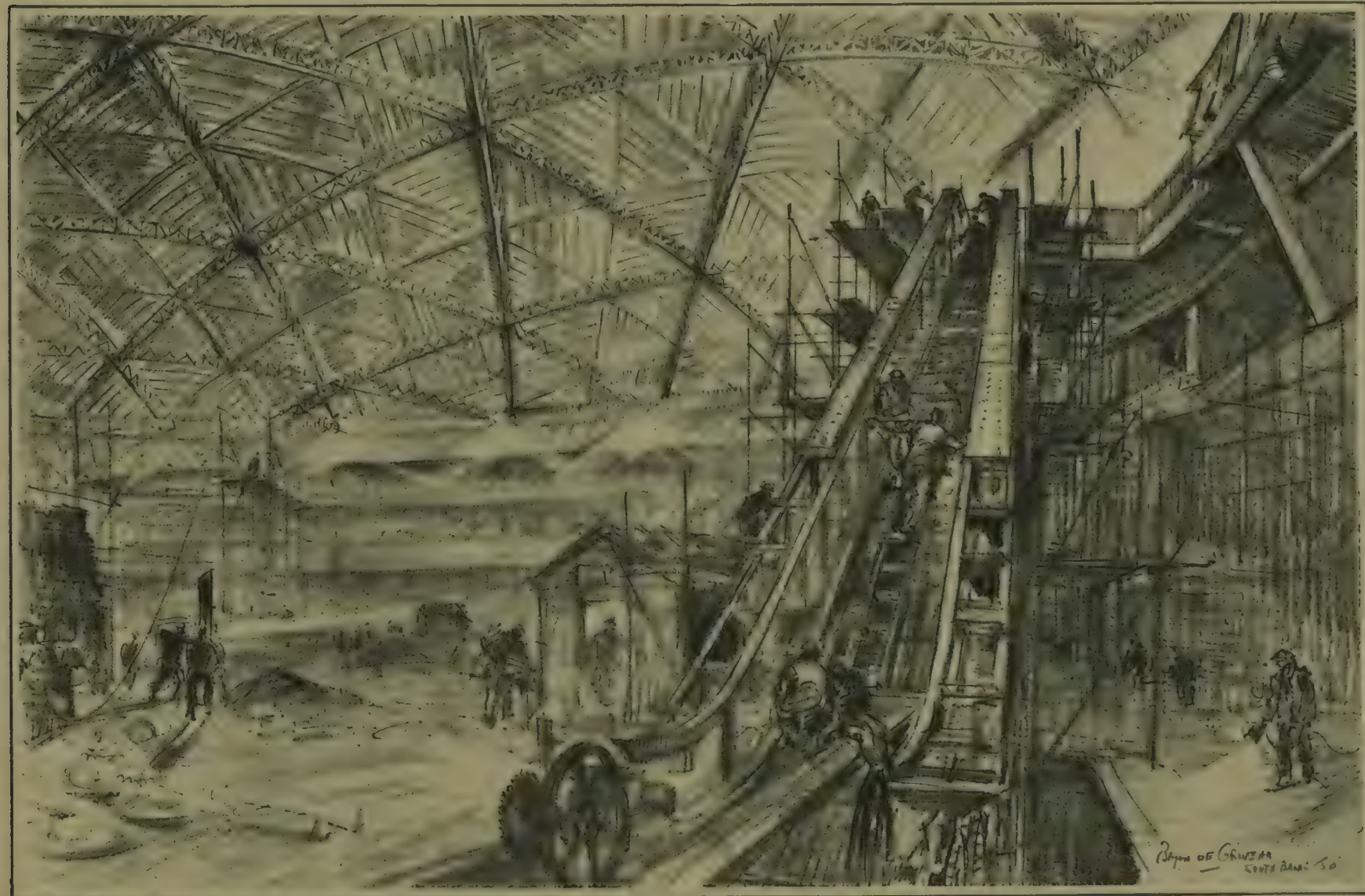
PREVENTED FROM EARNING A LIVELIHOOD BY THE FROST: FROZEN-OUT GARDENERS. DRAWN BY BIRKETT FOSTER.

Part of the London scene in 1850 were gardeners who, unable to do their work because of the frozen ground, came to the City to beg a few pence. "They paraded the streets ... looking as much like real gardeners as a St. Giles's sailor looks like a real British tar ... bearing bunches of frozen greens on the tops of long poles. ... They look not up at the windows and down at the areas, like your hardened and common beggars, but on the ground, as if reproaching it for being so 'hard' as to prevent them from earning a livelihood. You know when they are genuine, not so much by their heavy boots and blue aprons, as by the manner in which they accost you: it is so like 'Would you have this plant set here, or these there, please sir?' ... They come not to you with the beggar's whine, but like men who feel that they have a fellow claim, since the elements have warred against them ... Be kind to them, fellow-citizens. Their occupation is such as our first parents followed in the Garden of Eden. ..."

as "the butter-cow," because her milk came to the house and the cream was so rich that it could be whipped into butter with a kitchen fork, is still prominent. Trams now pass the house, if indeed—for it is long since I passed that way—another turn of the wheel of progress has not abolished the trams. I am not sure that the house itself has not been demolished. Then the scene was countrified, though rapidly changing to one of suburbia. The Christmas feast in that home was celebrated in the middle of the day, though the turkey reappeared, cold and depleted, but by no means defeated, for dinner at night. I cannot imagine how we all ate as much as we did. I was accounted a poor trencherman, but my appetite was far mightier than to-day.



LIKE A FANTASTIC SNOW-COVERED MUSHROOM RISING FROM A BATTLEFIELD: THE ASPECT OF THE DOME OF DISCOVERY'S EXTERIOR IN THE EARLY DAYS OF DECEMBER.



LIKE A PIRANESI FANTASY IN TERMS OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW: UNDER THE GLISTENING TRACERY OF THE GREAT DOME, DURING THE INSTALLATION OF AN ESCALATOR.

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE DOME OF DISCOVERY: VIVID DRAWINGS OF THE FESTIVAL'S MOST REMARKABLE STRUCTURE.

The Festival of Britain site is divided into two halves by Hungerford Bridge, and this factor has been incorporated into the design of the whole. On the upstream (or County Hall) side of the bridge, the exhibits tell the story of the Land of Britain; on the downstream (or Shot Tower) side of the bridge they are concerned with what reflects the nature and achievement of the People of Britain. The central

feature of the upstream side is the Dome of Discovery, the largest dome in the world, with a diameter of 365 ft. and a height of 97 ft. Its material, aluminium, is considered as typical of this generation as was sheet glass and cast-iron of the 1850's, and its shape and construction are believed to be as arresting in 1951 as was the Crystal Palace a hundred years ago.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



WHERE ORDER AND DESIGN ARE HOURLY RISING FROM A SEEMING CHAOS: THE DOWNSTREAM HALF OF THE FESTIVAL SITE—(L. TO R.) THE FESTIVAL HALL, THE SHOT TOWER AND THE OBSERVATION TOWER.

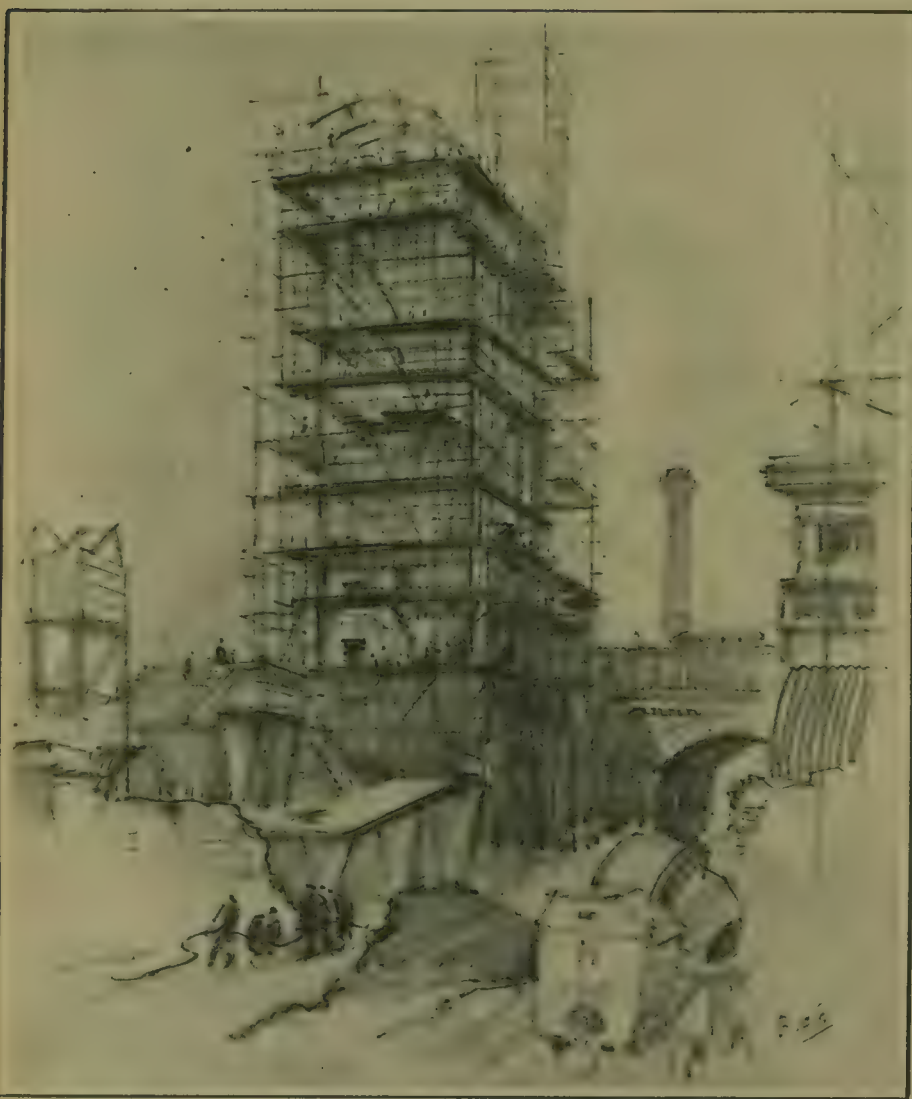
As the great Dome of Discovery is the central feature of the upstream half of the Festival site on the South Bank, so the Shot Tower is the most prominent and the Royal Festival Hall the most impressive (and the only permanent) building on the downstream half of the Festival area. Our Artist's drawing is

made from the point where the Belvedere Road of old met Waterloo Bridge, and shows (extreme right) the base of the glass observation tower (a drawing of which appears elsewhere); the fly-over ramps leading up to this tower; behind the ramp, the familiar old Shot Tower, whose summit is to carry both a light

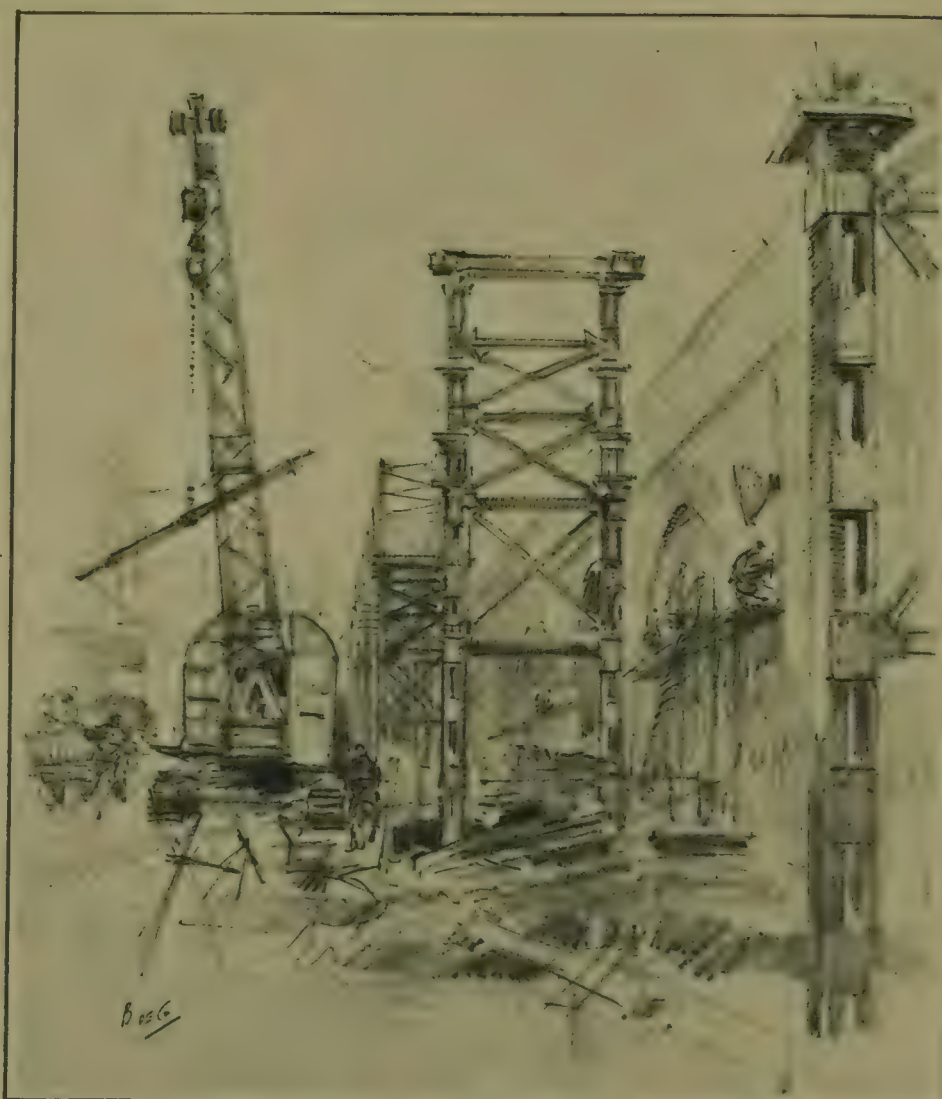
beacon and a radio beacon; and in the left half of the picture, the impressive bulk of the Royal Festival Hall, a creamy-white in colour, with its curious roof. Behind these features lies the river frontage. All the buildings besides the Festival Hall are of a temporary nature; and when the Exhibition has run its

course, it will leave behind a magnificent river frontage, with much reclaimed land, opposite the very heart of London, dominated by a magnificent hall, whose many entertainments will already have accustomed the public to regarding the South Bank once more as part of Central London.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



THE GLASS OBSERVATION TOWER, STILL WEBBED IN SCAFFOLDING, RISING AT THE DOWNSTREAM LIMIT OF THE FESTIVAL SITE, AGAINST THE SIDE OF WATERLOO BRIDGE.



ERECTING THE FOOTBRIDGE WHICH WILL LINK WITH THE BAILEY BRIDGE ALONGSIDE HUNGERFORD BRIDGE AND WILL CARRY THE PEDESTRIAN RIGHT OVER THE EXHIBITION.



THE MERRYGO-ROUND, THE PYRAMID AND THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE ALUMINIUM CONCRETE, AND STEEL DOME OF DISCOVERY, THE BLACK NATURAL RESOURCES BUILDING AND THE CREAM-AND-GLASS FAÇADE OF THE POWER AND PRODUCTION BUILDING.

THE FESTIVAL SITE AND FESTIVAL SHAPES: A FORETASTE OF THE FEATURES WHICH WILL DOMINATE THE AREA NEXT YEAR.

The small size and the curious shape of the South Bank site of the Festival of Britain Exhibition have been in the nature of a challenge to the designers concerned. To many as yet, and especially when the area is crammed with workmen and their gear, the site must appear too small and the buildings too close together to make

their due effect. But revolutionary designs and materials have been exploited; and it may well be that as the Crystal Palace revolutionised building concepts and projects in its day, so the strange buildings now rising near Waterloo Station may prove the origin and impetus of new ideas for the next hundred years.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

EXPLORING THE CITY OF AGAMEMNON: THIS YEAR'S EXCAVATIONS AT MYCENÆ.

By ALAN J. B. WACE.

Professor Wace, whose recent book, "*Mycenæ: An Archaeological History and Guide*," was reviewed in our issue of August 12, was field director of the 1950 excavations at the famous site of Mycenæ, in the Peloponnese. These excavations were supported by the British School at Athens and generous contributions were received from the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford; the American Philosophical Society; the British Academy; the Leverhulme Trustees; Pembroke College, Cambridge; and the Oxford and Cambridge Philological Societies.



FIG. 1. THE EPANO PHOURNOS BEEHIVE TOMB AT MYCENÆ, SHOWING THE RECENT REINFORCEMENT TO THE DOORWAY, PART OF THE REPAIRS WHICH HAVE MADE THE EXPLORATION OF THIS PLUNDERED TOMB POSSIBLE.

THE British excavations at Mycenæ, interrupted by the war in 1939, were resumed this summer. The Greek Government readily renewed the permit for the excavations and the Greek archaeological authorities, ably represented by Dr. Papademetriou, Ephor of Antiquities for Argolis, and Mr. Petsas cordially co-operated and afforded all possible facilities. The British expedition, in its turn, was happy to lend the services of its architect, Mr. Charles Hobbs, R.I.B.A., to assist the Greek authorities in the repairs now being carried out on the entrance passage of the great beehive tomb known as the Tomb of Clytemnestra and in the replacement of the two blocks fallen, many centuries ago, from the western relief of the lions over the Lion Gate (Fig. 12).

Within the citadel the British expedition re-cleared and re-planned, with most interesting results, the building excavated by Professor Tsountas in 1886, and since known as Tsountas' House. A stepped street (Fig. 7) descends the rocky slope of the citadel, with an open drain down its centre. This well illustrates the conditions of a Mycenaean residential area, but hardly deserves the epithet "broad-streeted" applied by Homer to Mycenæ. From the street a narrow passage leads northwards to a wide, imposing entrance with stucco steps which gave access to a long hall. This appears to have been a shrine, for at its southern end a large, curiously-shaped altar-hearth (Figs. 5-6) of stucco with a stand for a ritual vessel with a pointed base (*rhylon*) and a runlet draining into a two-handled jar set in the stucco floor. Beside this a part of the altar-hearth rises like a bolster, the object of which is uncertain. Close to this was found a large dish or plate with a flat base and low vertical sides, probably a vessel for carrying offerings. In or near the shrine were

a figure-of-eight shield, also an ivory wing, a scarab of Queen Tyi, and various small objects in glass or bone, on one of which a goddess is represented. Here this year was found a fine piece of ivory inlay representing perhaps the mane of a horse or lion. From the shrine an interior staircase leads down to what was probably the priest's house (Fig. 5). This has a small court, with a verandah on the west and with a drain in the centre. On the south of the court is a porch leading into a large room (*megaron*) with a central, rectangular hearth.

To the west of the *megaron*, obviously the principal room of the house, lay other rooms (now destroyed) above a spacious basement approached by a stone staircase. The shrine and the attached priest's house are admirable instances of the methods by which Mycenaean architects boldly built on the rocky slopes, of which they took full advantage in the construction of basements.

Near the Lion Gate, both within and without the Cyclopean walls, we found more graves of the pre-historic cemetery, to which belonged the famous Royal shaft graves discovered by Schliemann. Two of these were of infants buried in large jars of the Middle Bronze Age (2000-1600 B.C.). A third grave of the same date contained the skeleton of an adolescent, with three characteristic vases of the period. These graves provide further confirmation of the extent of this cemetery, which played so important a part in the history of Mycenæ. In this area an interesting find was a model figure-of-eight shield in ivory.

Below the Lion Gate to the north we continued the excavation of a Cyclopean building found in 1923. The Greek authorities have begun, with striking and important results, the excavation of the eastern part of this area, and requested us to resume our work on the western end. Here there is a magnificent Cyclopean wall over 3 metres high and 1½ metres thick. This part, like the eastern, seems to have been ravaged by fire. The building belongs to the late fourteenth or to the thirteenth century B.C., for it stands above a rich deposit of pottery of the early fourteenth century, and on its ruins were graves of the twelfth century.



FIG. 3. A ROOM OF THE BURNT HOUSE, SHOWING SMASHED AND CALCINED STIRRUP JARS. PROFESSOR WACE VERY TENTATIVELY SUGGESTS THAT THE DESTRUCTION OF THIS HOUSE MAY BE REFERRED TO THE STRUGGLES BETWEEN THYESTES AND ATRÆUS. THIS SPECULATION WOULD FIT THE ACCEPTED DATES.

found four miniature vases (Fig. 4), probably votives. In a room behind the shrine Professor Tsountas found a tablet of painted stucco showing two women worshipping a divinity with

Near here, in what appears to have been a cupboard in a house, was found a collection of vases, many of which are *kylikes* or drinking-cups, and a mug. Can this have been a bar or tavern? (Figs. 8, 9).

South of this, by the modern high road, close to the tomb of Clytemnestra, is another great Cyclopean wall. On the terrace supported by this we found the ruins of a large and important building which also had been destroyed by fire. At the north end of a gallery 25 metres long were thirty large stirrup jars (Figs. 3, 10, 11). These had suffered severely from the violent fire and several were badly distorted and even fused and semi-vitrified by the great heat. Many of the jars seem to have been deliberately overturned. Some had their spouts knocked off and others had had their stoppers pulled out. All this indicates that the looters who set fire to the building purposely poured out the oil which the jars contained, to add fuel to the fire.

The method of stoppering the jars is interesting. First a clay stopper shaped like a champagne cork was inserted in the spout (Fig. 13). This had strings attached from below which seem to have been wound round the spout outside. These strings were obviously used to secure or to draw out the stopper. Over the stopper and upper part of the spout was then placed



FIG. 2. ONE OF THE FRAGMENTS OF FRESCO (THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.) FOUND IN A BURNT-OUT HOUSE OUTSIDE THE FORTRESS. THE SUBJECT, WHICH CAN JUST BE DETECTED, IS A MAN IN A WHITE SPOTTED TUNIC CARRYING THE HANDLE OF, PERHAPS, A LITTER ON HIS SHOULDER.

a cap of clay, which was pinched in against the handle (Fig. 14). The finger-prints of the person who did this can still be seen in the clay. Finally, while the clay cap was still damp, a seal of stone or metal was impressed all over it. Several of the seal impressions (Fig. 15) are quite clear. One shows three dancing women, another an ox scratching its neck with its hind leg, and a third, the commonest, a demon between two lions. One or two similar stoppers have been found before, and a sealed stopper, probably from a wine-jar, was found (at the Menelaion) near Sparta, but this is the first time so many have been found in one place.

At the side of the long gallery is a cross gallery which contained large jars set between low supports of crude brick. These were probably storage containers for oil and in the floor of the room is a small, shallow sinking to catch spilt oil. We made tests below the floor of the long gallery to see if it had had concealed cists for copper ingots or other treasure. Nothing of the sort was found, but in the earth below the clay plaster floor several pieces of fresco wall paintings came to light. The best-preserved, represents a man in a white spotted tunic carrying, by a pole over his shoulder, some heavy object; perhaps the front of a sedan chair (Fig. 2). Other fragments seem to show parts of garments and yet another a leg of a charging bull. These frescoes and other indications show that a yet earlier building had stood on this site, which is clearly an important one, and must be fully excavated in our next campaign. [Continued overleaf.]

“AGAMEMNON’S TAVERN”; AND A PRIEST’S HOUSE AND SHRINE AT MYCENÆ.



FIG. 4. MINIATURE VOTIVE CUPS—THE CENTIMETRE SCALE GIVES THE SIZE—FOUND IN THE SHRINE OF THE RE-EXPLORED TSOUNTAS’ HOUSE. SEE ALSO FIGS. 5-7.



FIG. 5. LOOKING DOWN FROM THE NORTH-EAST ON THE TSOUNTAS’ HOUSE IN THE CITADEL OF MYCENÆ, WITH THE SHRINE, CENTRAL, AND, BEYOND, THE GREAT ROOM.

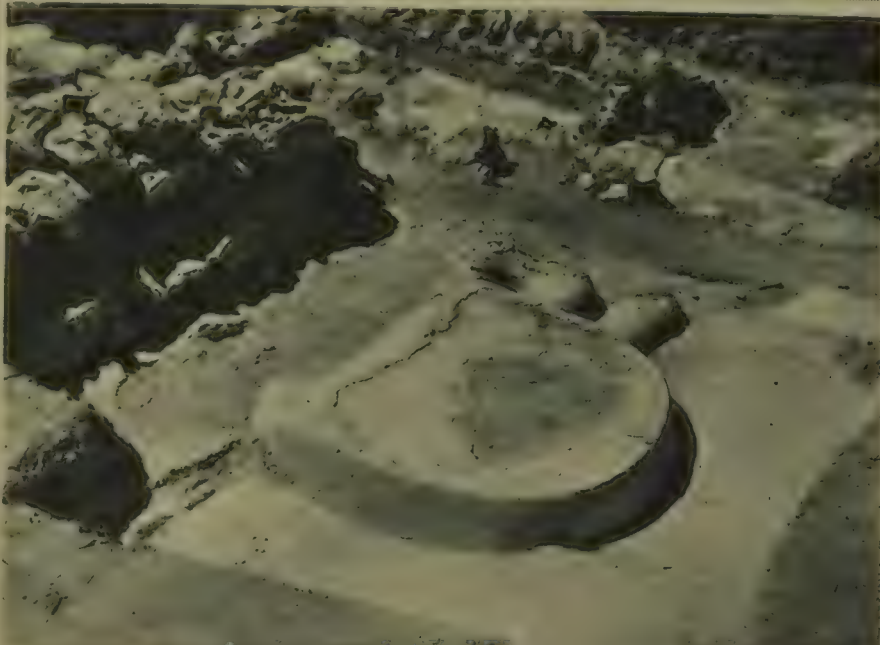


FIG. 6. THE STUCCO ALTAR HEARTH UNCOVERED IN THE TSOUNTAS’ HOUSE. IT HAS A RUNLET DRAIN, DRAINING-VASE AND AN UNEXPLAINED “BOLSTER” SHAPE.



FIG. 7. THE STEPPED STREET AND DRAIN LEADING DOWN FROM THE TSOUNTAS’ HOUSE. IT HARDLY SUPPORTS HOMER’S EPITHET OF “BROAD-STREETED” MYCENÆ.

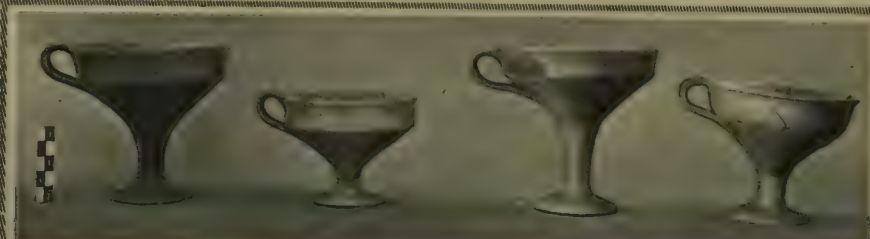


FIG. 8. DRINKING-CUPS FROM A CUPBOARD IN A HOUSE, SO FULL OF DRINKING-VESSELS AS TO SUGGEST THAT IT MAY HAVE BEEN A TAVERN OR BAR.



FIG. 9. FROM A TAVERN WHICH AGAMEMNON MAY HAVE VISITED? A DRINKING-MUG, FOUND WITH THE MANY VESSELS OF WHICH FOUR ARE SHOWN IN FIG. 8.

Continued.
Thanks to the technical help courteously given by the Greek archaeological service, which made the dangerous doorway (Fig. 1) safe, we were at last able to clear the beehive tomb known as the Epano Phournos. This had been thoroughly plundered long ago, but in it we found fragments of eight or ten large jars of the “Palace Style” of the fifteenth century B.C., which confirm the date previously suggested for the tomb. An outstanding feature of this season’s work, both Greek and British,

is the discovery that important buildings stood outside the Citadel by the roads leading to the Lion Gate. These large and imposing houses were perhaps the establishments of prosperous merchants, and they date from the later fourteenth and the thirteenth centuries B.C. It is interesting, too, that they perished by fire and violence towards the end of the thirteenth century, whereas the Citadel and the buildings within it did not fall until after the middle of the twelfth century. Since

[Continued opposite.]

MYCENÆ DISCOVERIES AND RECONSTRUCTIONS, AND HOW THE GREEKS STOPPERED THEIR WINE.



FIG. 10. SOME OF THE STIRRUP JARS WHICH WERE FOUND IN THE BURNT-OUT HOUSE (FIGS. 2-3), MENDED AND REPLACED IN THE GALLERY IN WHICH THEY WERE FOUND.



FIG. 11. THIRTY LARGE JARS, MANY DISTORTED AND EVEN VITRIFIED BY HEAT, WERE FOUND IN ONE APPARENTLY INTENTIONALLY FIRED HOUSE. (CF. FIGS. 2, 3, 10.)

Continued.

there seems to be no indication that the catastrophe in the thirteenth century was due to foreign invasion, it may possibly be due to an internal convulsion, perhaps a civil war between the brothers Thyestes and Atreus, who, we know from the legends, were bitter enemies and contested the throne of Mycenæ. Perhaps Atreus, with the aid of foreign mercenaries, besieged his brother in the Citadel and during his operations burnt the houses outside the walls and allowed his troops to plunder the beehive tombs, just as later Pyrrhus allowed his Gallic mercenaries to loot the tombs of the Macedonian kings. These, however, are speculations, but they would fit the archaeological evidence as well as the legends, and the usually accepted date for Atreus and Agamemnon.



FIG. 12. THE FAMOUS LION GATE AT MYCENÆ, WITH THE TWO CYCLOPEAN BLOCKS OF STONE REPLACED ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE RELIEF—A WORK RECENTLY COMPLETED BY ANGLO-GREEK CO-OPERATION.



FIGS. 13, 14, 15. HOW THE MYCENEAN GREEKS SEALED THEIR JARS. FIRST (FIG. 13) A CLAY STOPPER LIKE A CHAMPAGNE CORK WAS FITTED, INCLUDING STRINGS; THIS WAS THEN COVERED WITH A CLAY CAP (FIG. 14), LIKE A VACUUM FLASK; AND, FINALLY, THIS WAS IMPRESSED WITH A SEAL (FIG. 15). THESE SEAL EXAMPLES SHOW (ABOVE) THREE DANCING WOMEN AND (BELOW) AN OX SCRATCHING ITS NECK WITH ITS HIND-LEG.



FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW: THE SECRET LIFE OF THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE REVEALED AND

No land animal can move about without leaving a trail. In Britain the sight of a wild mammal, apart from the ever-present rabbit, is rare. As a result of natural inclination, reinforced by persecution, our native quadrupeds keep well to cover or are nocturnal. It is possible, therefore, to live almost next door to a badger or an otter without catching sight of the beast for long periods on end. However, one can learn something of its movements and habits by studying its

tracks. Too often these are imperceptible, owing to the nature of the ground, which may be hard or overgrown. In wet weather, or even in frosty weather, the opportunities are greater. The best prospects for such studies come with a fall of snow. At such a time a wood, in which normally there is little sign of life among the undergrowth, will carry a multitude of tell-tale footprints. Even without the knowledge that comes of long and careful study, these tracks can be

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY

RECORDED—ANIMAL TRACKS AND WHAT THEY CAN TELL THE PERCEPTIVE WINTER WALKER.

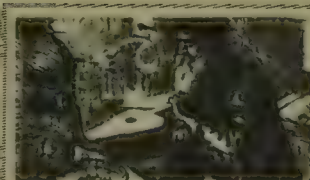
most enlightening. One thing that can be quickly seen is that some individuals are "left-handed," some are "right-handed." One rabbit will always move with the left fore-foot leading, another always with the right fore-foot leading. Or one may be found that places both fore-feet level. These and other individual traits soon become apparent. Snow also reveals more readily and obviously the characteristics of species. Some, rabbits and badgers particularly, keep to

well-trodden runs, while the fox seeks to avoid them. Some species will keep to the line of well-defined cover, along hedges and banks. There is, however, no need to wait for snow to begin or continue the study. To loosen and smooth over the earth at the entrances to burrows will soon produce clues leading to the identities of their occupants. Bare places in the runs treated similarly will catch the impress of passing animals and help to build up the story of their habits.

E. MANNING, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



INTERPRETING ANIMAL TRACKS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is much more difficult to study mammals in this country than birds. Our larger, more obvious, wild mammals have been wiped out long ago. The smaller ones left are by natural habit, or the result of persecution, given to keeping well under cover or pursuing their activities by night. It is possible, therefore, to be in a neighbourhood a long time without getting more than fleeting glimpses of the native mammals, except by the most fortunate accidents. There are, however, two ways of finding out what species are about: either by examining the holes in the earth or by watching for the animals' tracks and trails. The latter can most satisfactorily be seen in wet ground and, more especially, in snow; particularly in freshly-fallen snow. From a close study of such footprints it is, moreover, possible to deduce many things of the animals' behaviour. For example, the finding of squirrel prints in snow, or those of badgers, are good evidence against the idea, still firmly held by so many people, that these two animals hibernate.

It is as well, at the onset, to accept the division between tracks, meaning individual footprints, and trails, which include impressions of a sequence of footprints with, often, marks of the tail or body, or both. In some cases special names have been applied. The tracks of deer, for example, are known as slot; of the fox as padding or bail; of the otter as seal or spur; of hares, as prickings. Except that these often serve to describe the nature or type of the tracks, they need not concern us here. As to trails, it is useful to bear in mind the many subsidiaries, such as droppings, samples of hair or fur, remains of meals, and so on, that may be associated with them, since all help to build up the story of the animals' activities.

Tracks are roughly of four kinds. First there are hoof-marks, readily recognisable because of their size and because they can belong in this country only to domesticated animals or deer. Then there are those of the fox, badger, stoat and squirrel, with naked pads and toes which leave distinct impressions, even though the feet themselves are hairy. By contrast, the feet of rats, mice, shrews, voles and hedgehogs are naked and the marks of the pads are often indistinct. Finally, we have the tracks of rabbits and hares, with hairy feet, so that pads and toes leave little individual mark; but as the pattern of their trails is so distinctive there is little likelihood of confusion.

Having identified the animal by its tracks, the pattern forming the trail can tell much, of speed and purpose, age, sex, state of fatigue, and other things. Such finesse is, however, the privilege of the experienced tracker, though it has an obvious interest even for the tyro. To be able to interpret with such refinement, a knowledge is first of all necessary of the normal gait of a particular beast. The rest follows from studying the departures from the normal shown in the trail. In the normal trail of a fox, for example, the tracks register: that is, the print of the hind-foot lies partly over that of the fore-foot. Moreover, the tracks are evenly spaced and lie close to a median line drawn through the centre of the trail as a whole. The distance between each of two tracks will be about 12 ins. As the fox breaks

into a trot, the track does not differ much, but the distance between individual tracks increases to 15 or 16 ins. At an ordinary gallop the pattern changes. The tracks are in groups of four, with some 20 ins. between each group. The group itself comprises, in front, the tracks of the hind-feet, spread apart from the median line, the left foot slightly in advance of the right, and with

follows banks of rivers or the margins of ponds or lakes when hunting. If the trail is of a fast galloping fox, the tracks, normally neat and close, will be more splayed, the prints will be deeper, and often broken, with loose earth scattered, if the animal is making the maximum speed. In the fox, as in all the larger of our mammals, the male follows a straighter line, the vixen following a more sinuous trail, with her hind-feet more spread out from the median line, especially if she is in young. A really erratic trail, how-

ever, indicates an exhausted animal—injured if bloodstains are seen, limping if one of the four feet registers less often than the rest, with a broken leg if one of the four tracks is replaced by a trailing furrow. Fatigue is also indicated by an obvious reluctance to travel round obstacles instead of leaping them.

The tracks taken individually have equally good tales to tell. The dog fox, as with the males of all hoofed animals and carnivores, is the larger and heavier. As a consequence, its tracks are larger and more deeply imprinted. In hedgehogs and shrews there is no real difference in size between the male and the female, and in the rodents the female is the larger. A young animal will not only leave smaller tracks, but in registering the hind-feet tend to over-reach the tracks of the fore-feet. It will also walk more on the toes, leaving lighter imprints of the pads. Its stride will, in addition, be shorter. Up to a certain point, the older the animal, at the same pace, the larger will be the tracks, the longer the strides, and the greater the accuracy in registering, but with increasing age, when past its prime, there will be a greater tendency to walk more heavily on the pads and less on the toes, and the hind-feet will tend to fall short of the fore-feet in registering. With advancing years, too, the elasticity of the foot goes, the track is noticeably splayed, and the claws over-grown. This, in a fox, is important, since it does not normally show the marks of claws in its tracks. Only the very old dog is likely to do so, or the vixen after she has been lying up for a time with cubs, and then only at the gallop, but at such times her feet are noticeably more hairy, giving a blurred track.

For most of us, the skilled tracking indicated in the foregoing lines holds no more than an indication of what

the experienced can read. The majority of us will necessarily have to be content with examining the occasional track or trail and guessing at the identity of its maker. It does add interest, nevertheless, to a walk in the snow to be able to look at and seek to interpret the telltale marks, and to envy those who know more about them than we can ever hope to. Even so, we may have the good fortune to be

able to read some story in the trails before us. There was, for example, the vixen in Richmond Park whose trail showed quite clearly that she had travelled straight from one litter basket to another. At each basket she had leaped on it, examined its contents, and jumped down on the other side. Since her trail led more or less directly from one to another of these widely spaced baskets, it may be safely assumed that she knew accurately the location of each. In other words, it looks as though she was in the habit of using this as a means of easy living.



ONE OF THE MOST DISTINCTIVE AND FAMILIAR OF ANIMAL TRACKS: RABBIT TRACKS IN THE SNOW. The rabbit has travelled from the foreground towards the background of the above photograph. The pair of tracks in the lead of each group of four are the tracks of the hind-feet. The two rear tracks, almost one behind the other, are those of the fore-feet. We illustrate other tracks that may be noticed in the snow this winter on pages 1044-1045 in this issue.

Photograph by W. S. Pitt.

the tracks of the fore-feet well behind, but still close to the median line, the left foot well in advance of the right. Nothing could give a better picture of the action of the legs in walking, trotting or galloping than this pattern of the trail in each case.

The trail can show us, too, how the fox characteristically makes use of all available cover; how it avoids roads or paths wherever possible; how it

"WITH BEST WISHES"

There is still time for the "last minute" Christmas present or a New Year gift—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada £5; Elsewhere abroad £5 5s. (to include the Christmas Number).

AEROBATICS IN CLOSE-UP: REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF A "METEOR 8."



STANDING ON ITS HEAD: A GLOSTER METEOR 8 SINGLE-SEAT FIGHTER IN A VERTICAL DIVE AFTER COMPLETING A LOOP IN FORMATION WITH A METEOR TRAINER.



IN A ROCKET-LIKE VERTICAL CLIMB: A METEOR 8 ZOOMING UPWARDS PREPARATORY TO EXECUTING A LOOP; AND CARRYING SIXTEEN 95-LB. ROCKETS UNDER ITS WINGS.

THESE remarkable photographs of the Gloster Meteor F. Mk. 8 were taken by Mr. Russel Adams, the Gloster Aircraft Company's photographer, from the rear seat of a Meteor 7 trainer whilst looping in formation with the Meteor 8. Besides vividly portraying the Meteor's rocket-like climb and exceptional manoeuvrability, they also emphasise its significant potentialities for ground attack duties. It will be noted that the aircraft is carrying eight 95-lb. rocket projectiles in two-tier mountings under each main plane, and in the left-hand photograph the standard 180-gallon ventral drop tank, under the fuselage, can be seen. The Gloster Private Venture version of the Meteor 8, specifically adapted for intensified close support ground attack operation, is fitted with wing-tip tanks in addition to a similar, or variation of, the formidable armament load shown here. The Meteor 8 can also be used as a bomber, and in that rôle carries a 1000-lb. bomb under the fuselage. The aircraft is powered by two Rolls-Royce Derwent 5 turbo-jet engines, giving a speed of 585 m.p.h. at 10,000 ft.

THE TAIPAN—AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST AND MOST AGGRESSIVE SNAKE:

A DESCRIPTION OF THE CAPTURE OF THE FIRST LIVE SPECIMEN.

By DONALD F. THOMSON, O.B.E., D.S.C. (Research Fellow, University of Melbourne; formerly Biologist, Walter and Eliza Hall Institute of Research).

In October a live taipan, caught near Cairns, in North Queensland, arrived in Sydney on its way to Melbourne, where it was hoped that it would provide venom to enable the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories to renew their efforts to find an antidote for the poison. Another taipan was caught on July 27, but it killed the young Sydney collector who secured it, and it died in the Melbourne Zoo on September 13, after it had been "milked" once for its venom. The writer of the article on this page lived for nearly seven years among

very large and aggressive venomous snakes, near Coen. One of these specimens was more than 10 ft. long—the biggest venomous snake recorded from Australia. When he examined these two huge snakes, McLennan found not only that they had tremendous fangs—nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in length—but that, in one at least, the fangs appeared to be double, a condition which is well shown in one of the photographs. This started a legend about this much-feared snake, which came afterwards to be known by its aboriginal name of "taipan"—that it was a double-fanged viper, for although it is a Colubrid snake, its fangs are long and curved like those of the Vipers, and quite unlike the fangs of other Australian snakes. The specimens collected by McLennan were sent to the Australian Museum, Sydney, where they were described by J. R. Kinghorn as belonging to a new species under the name of *Oxyuranus maclelleni*—after the man who collected them. Later work showed that this snake was not new, but that it was identical with the specimen described long before by Peters and called *scutellatus*, from the shield-like form of the big frontal shield—the shield on the top of its head.

Years elapsed, and no more specimens were secured. For more than three years the writer lived with the nomadic tribes in the wilds of Cape York Peninsula—about 1100 miles north of Brisbane. Some 400 snakes were collected, but not one specimen of the supposed double-fanged killer. But as I came to learn the native language, I heard the aborigines speak in awed tones of a great killer snake—a snake that was as thick as a man's arm, that attacked savagely and without provocation—and to the native mind—worst of all—a snake that had an orange-red eye. This great snake was known almost universally on Cape York as the "taipan." In vain I offered almost fabulous rewards in knives, axes and tobacco, for a taipan, living or dead. And though I travelled more than 1000 miles by pack-horse

and collected hundreds of snakes, some of them more than 7 ft. in length, powerful and aggressive—not one of them answered to the description of Bill McLennan's original specimens, which I was beginning to link with the legendary taipan of the aborigines.

soft, parchment-like shells. We milked her regularly, first at weekly intervals, to determine exactly the rate of secretion of venom under natural conditions of temperature, and we dried the venom carefully over chemicals in special field desiccators.

Later, in the course of the same expedition, we captured no fewer than five more specimens of the taipan. As biologist at the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute, I handled thousands of snakes, but this was like no other snake I had ever seen. It had a long, narrow head, a whitish upper-lip, an orange-red eye, and the scales of its body were not smooth, but ridged, almost keeled. It attacked with lightning rapidity, mouth agape—the long fang, with an oblique opening near the tip like that of a hypodermic needle, normally curved backwards in the mouth and erected by muscular action—for the bones of a snake are loosely articulated and very flexible, and give great mobility both in biting and in swallowing of prey.

In attack the taipan assumed a terrifying attitude—for it would erect its tail in the air, often lashing it menacingly and, muscles tensed, raise its body in loops, sometimes several inches clear of the ground. Much venom was collected from these taipans—the first ever handled alive. But each had to be milked by hand—for the snakes fought so savagely when captured that they often tore away the muscles of their necks and so disfigured priceless specimens.

Later investigations have shown that the taipan is not only the largest venomous snake in Australia—exceeding 11 ft. in length—having a very efficient biting apparatus and secreting large quantities of pale, whitish-coloured venom, but that it ranks among the largest and most dangerous venomous

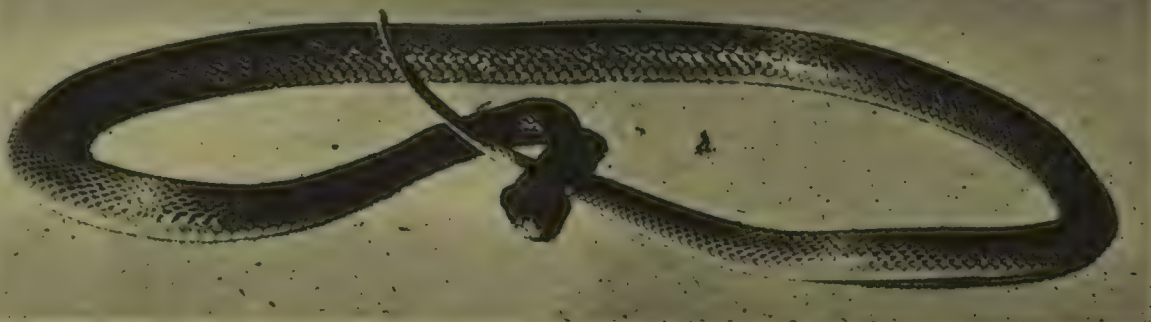


THE FIRST SPECIMEN OF THE TAIPAN—AUSTRALIA'S DEADLIEST SNAKE—TO BE TAKEN ALIVE: THE REPTILE PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE FIELD ON CAPE YORK PENINSULA, NORTH QUEENSLAND, SOON AFTER ITS CAPTURE.

the aborigines of North Queensland and Arnhem Land, Northern Territory of Australia, and was formerly biologist on the investigation of Australian snakes and their venom at the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute, Melbourne, where much research was carried out on Australian snakes. In North Queensland he met the giant venomous snake known as *Oxyuranus scutellatus*, which was greatly feared by the aborigines, who called it the taipan. Nothing was known of the venom or of the natural history of this snake. Dr. Donald Thomson captured six specimens over a period of several years—the first ever taken alive—and "milked" these to obtain accurate records of the venom yields and of the nature of the poison.

ALTHOUGH the taipan has only now come into the limelight, it is not new to science, for the species was described as long ago as 1867 by the German naturalist Peters, and what zoologists called the "type" is—or was—in the Berlin Museum. But for years it remained just a name in a scientific list of snakes. It didn't even have a popular name.

It was in 1923 that the snake which later came to be known as the "taipan" leapt into fame, when the late Bill McLennan, who was on a bird-collecting expedition on Cape York Peninsula, encountered two



POISED FOR ATTACK AND WITH THE LOOPS OF ITS TENSED BODY SLIGHTLY RAISED FROM THE GROUND: THE TAIPAN, WITH TAIL ERECT AND NECK COILED LIKE A SPRING, BEFORE THROWING ITS BODY FORWARD AND STRIKING HIGH.

(Photographs by Dr. Donald F. Thomson. Copyright Reserved.)

But one night a native dog was bitten, and died very quickly. I captured the snake, placed it in a cage, and carried out a post-mortem on the dog. The post-mortem was interesting. Here at last was the taipan and, at the same time, a specimen that resembled exactly the two great snakes collected long before by Bill McLennan. I milked this snake—the first taipan ever taken alive—with loving care, and handled her gently—for she proved to be a female—and within a few weeks she laid a clutch of seven eggs—elongate in form, with blunt ends, enclosed in



KEPT ALIVE FOR SEVERAL WEEKS, DURING WHICH TIME ITS VENOM WAS EXTRACTED AT REGULAR INTERVALS: THE FIRST SPECIMEN OF THE TAIPAN BEING "MILKED" AFTER CAPTURE.

snakes in the world. But the size of even the biggest taipan pales into insignificance when compared with the king cobra, of which specimens have been known to reach a length of more than 18 ft.!

Although little is known yet of the chemical nature of the venom of the taipan, we do know that it contains a powerful neurotoxin—a poison which acts upon the nervous system—paralysing the nerves of the respiratory centres, so that the victim dies from suffocation. Weight for weight, the pale, whitish poison of the taipan is probably less deadly than that of the tiger snake (*Notechis scutellatus*), which inhabits the country farther south. For the venom of the tiger snake is about three times as potent as cobra

venom and, with the possible exception of one of the sea-snakes, *Enhydryna schistosa*, its venom is the deadliest of all known snake poisons. Fortunately, however, the tiger snake does not as a rule produce a very big yield of venom, and it has short fangs—very different from the long, almost viperine, fangs of the taipan. The taipan is therefore certainly the largest and by far the deadliest and most aggressive of Australian snakes, having a longer fang and a more efficient biting apparatus than any other species in this country.

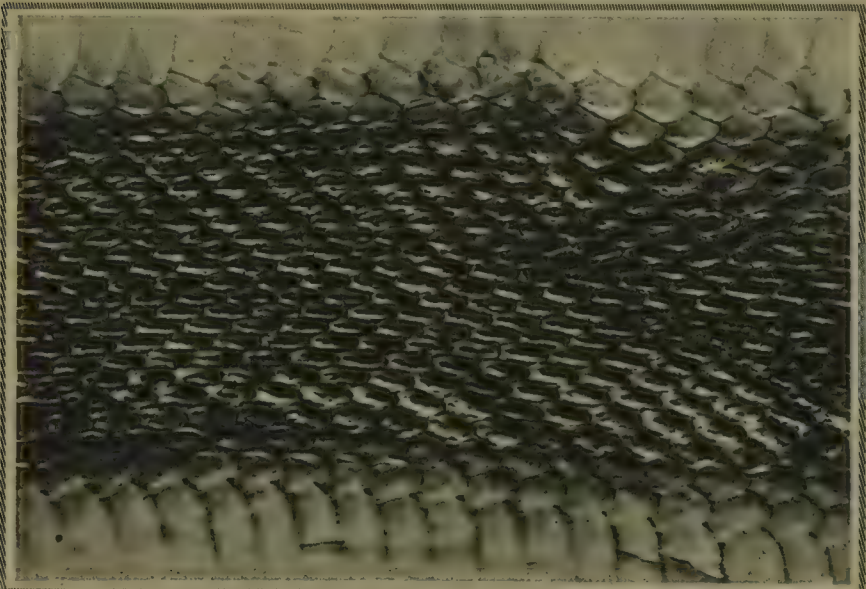
AUSTRALIA'S RAREST AND DEADLIEST SNAKE: THE GIANT TAIPAN.



SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC WHITISH UPPER LIP AND THE NARROW, ALMOST KEELLED, SCALES OF THE BODY: THE LONG, SLENDER HEAD OF THE TAIPAN.



THE MOST EFFICIENT BITING APPARATUS OF ANY AUSTRALIAN SNAKE: A SKULL OF A TAIPAN, SHOWING THE LONG, RECURVED FANGS STRONGLY SUGGESTIVE OF THOSE OF A VIPER.



FLATTENED OUT TO SHOW THE VERY MARKED "KEELING" OF THE SCALES OF THE UPPER SURFACE: A SECTION OF THE SKIN OF THE TAIPAN.



THE FIRST SPECIMEN OF THE TAIPAN EVER TO BE CAPTURED ALIVE, WITH SEVEN EGGS WHICH SHE DEPOSITED SOON AFTER CAPTURE.

The capture of three specimens of the taipan, Australia's largest and deadliest snake, this year, lends additional interest to the photographs on this and the facing page, taken by Dr. Donald F. Thomson, who captured the first specimen alive a few years ago on Cape York Peninsula. The snake is oviparous, and the eggs, about 2 ins. in length, are white in colour when freshly laid, later becoming brownish-pink. The taipan's long, recurved fangs are strongly suggestive of the fangs of a viper rather



HOW TO IDENTIFY A TAIPAN: THE UPPER JAW; SHOWING THE TWO NEEDLE-LIKE PALATINE BONES (INDICATED BY ARROWS), WHICH ARE UNLIKE THOSE OF ANY OTHER SNAKE.



MEASURING ABOUT 2 INS. IN LENGTH AND BLUNTLY ROUNDED AT THE ENDS: THE EGGS OF THE TAIPAN—WHITE IN COLOUR AND ENCASED IN A TOUGH MEMBRANEOUS SHELL.

than of a typical Colubrid snake, and in the photograph of the skull on this page it will be seen that one of the reserve fangs has come down before the functional poison fang has been shed—a not uncommon feature of this snake—and this gave rise to the belief that the taipan was a "double-fanged" snake. In colour the taipan is rusty-brown above, pearly white below, sometimes spotted or freckled with reddish-pink. Further details are given in the article opposite.

Photographs by Dr. Donald F. Thomson, Copyright Reserved.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

By FRANK DAVIS.

trestle table, or that the Transport Commission had orange-boxes to sit on. As for the trade unions, they have reached a position now when they could very well emulate the old guilds. Let the woodworkers, for example, show their pride in their craft by having at their central office some of the finest pieces of furniture their

people can provide. A secretaire like Fig. 1 will not be there, because it is very much of its time, but they could show us some very fine things if they put their mind to it.

Well, here is something which was once the fashion in France. Over here we went to considerable lengths

HERE are two pieces which are objects of considerable luxury. It is possible that such a thing as the marquetry secretaire of Fig. 1 will never be made again—I mean, a thing into which a man, or a group of men, will put so much time and trouble. I should hesitate to estimate the number of man-hours spent upon it. That is anybody's guess, and perhaps some amateur cabinet-maker would care to think over the problem with the aid of this photograph and the following brief description. The piece is 43 ins. wide, and there is a long drawer in the frieze at the top, which is mounted with beautifully-chased plaques of ormolu in a scroll pattern rather like formalised waves of the sea (and, indeed, these crisp curves remind one a little of a famous seascape print by the Japanese Hokusai), while beneath this drawer the upper section is formed of a drop front, behind which are ten small drawers and open shelves—the usual kind of arrangement beloved by those of us who like to hide things away in what we fondly imagine is an orderly manner. The lower section is a cupboard. Upon this double front, the maker (D. de Loose, working in Paris about 1775) has provided us with two romantic landscapes—classical scenes, with ships and personages—in various woods and ivory, and has given his pictures frames of ormolu and built up the surround in various veneers. Moreover, he has taken just as great pains with the two sides, giving them, also in marquetry, a design of trophies suspended from ribands, and he has decorated the two angles with very nicely calculated and well-balanced ormolu plaques—formal foliage and pendant vines. I am afraid the photograph is not large enough to show the detail of these wooden pictures; you must take my word for it that men and women are sitting about or walking as men and women do walk, and a dog in the foreground is a very real dog, and a statue beneath an archway looks like a statue and not like a waxwork—in other words, this is marquetry of a very high standard indeed. Some people will say that the whole thing is too complicated, and that one should not play such tricks with wood, which is a noble material, and should be treated less cavalierly. Others, while admiring the piece as a whole, will be inclined to say that the circumstances which made such a thing possible were bad and indefensible (that is, great riches side by side with acute poverty), and therefore such a display of luxury, such a shameless delight in gilding the lily, ought never to happen again. I suppose we are, as a nation, liable to strike an attitude of this sort while we knit together the loose ends of woolly theory, and it seems necessary to remark that if, say, rich men are no longer patrons of art as they once

were, it is mainly because it is exceedingly difficult to-day either to become or to remain even moderately rich. Indeed, most of us think ourselves fortunate at being allowed to stay moderately poor. But it is as well to remember that there always have been other patrons apart from private individuals, and that most of the finest things of the distant past were done for them—that is, either for the Church, or the prince, or for some mediæval guild. To-day we have many other public or semi-public bodies which could very easily exercise a wise patronage. I should hate to think that the British Electricity Board met to perform its very important duties at a rough



FIG. 1. BEARING ON THE DOUBLE FRONT TWO ROMANTIC LANDSCAPES IN VARIOUS WOODS AND IVORY: A SUPERB LOUIS XVI. MARQUETRY SECRETAIRE.

Frank Davis writes of this magnificent piece by D. de Loose (working in Paris c. 1775) 'that it is possible that such a thing will never be made again, and adds that he should hesitate to estimate the number of man-hours spent on it. The double front is adorned with two romantic landscapes carried out in various woods and ivory, framed in ormolu, the surrounds built up in various veneers. The sides are equally elaborately decorated with marquetry designs. [By Courtesy of Christie's.]



FIG. 2. EXTREMELY ELEGANT AND REPRESENTING ENGLISH TASTE OF THE 1790'S: ONE OF A PAIR OF SEMI-CIRCULAR SIDE-TABLES IN SATINWOOD.

This extremely elegant piece is one of a pair of semi-circular side-tables in satinwood. "You have," writes Frank Davis, "a very neat use of simple cross-banding, but the roses and rose-leaves in the corners of the panels and the long garland which runs the length of the centre drawer are painted in natural colours." By Courtesy of M. Harris and Sons.

were turned out, the painting—garlands or whatever they were—is no less well done. There is this point, too—the yellowish, golden brown of satinwood can be a trifle monotonous by itself, and the gaiety of this type of painted decoration on such a background does not seem incongruous. No one ever dared to treat mahogany in this manner as far as I know (I can't think of an example, anyway)—our ancestors had a very nice sense of what was permissible. Differences of national taste may be noted in other pieces of furniture. For instance, I call to mind what is decidedly a chair of ceremony—padded arms, moulded borders and seat-frames carved with sprays of roses and foliage, and upholstered in cream satin with bouquets of flowers and sprays embroidered in coloured silks; giltwood, and a really magnificent chair (it is one of a set of ten), of such a kind that one would be tempted to build a palace round it. French, and from the middle of the eighteenth century. It forms a striking contrast to another fine piece—as English as it is possible to imagine—walnut unadorned, and from the early years of the century. The wide-spreading, curved arms give an air of careless opulence to what is essentially a characteristically homely type very much in our tradition, though Dutch readers will be quick to note how such examples derive in part from their own admirable past. Indeed, a good deal of the walnut furniture of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries in this country, which we are in the habit of calling English, is in fact Dutch, and quite a number of pieces are the subject of learned and sometimes heated argument. The distinction is particularly difficult to make in the case of those high-backed, richly-carved, cane-seated and partly cane-backed chairs which were the fashion from about 1675 and for the next twenty-five years.



A MINIATURE MASTERPIECE (ENLARGED) : "HENRY VIII.," A CARVING IN BUFF HONE STONE ON VIEW AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

Numerous portraits of Henry VIII. are on view in the Burlington House Winter Exhibition, "Works by Holbein and Other Masters of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." He is depicted in two well-known groups—in the Chatsworth Estates Company portrait, after Hans Holbein, the Younger, in a painting ascribed to Paris Bordone, showing him when young, and in another, from the National Gallery, Rome, in which he wears his wedding dress for his marriage to Anne of Cleves. But among all these representations

it is the miniature carving in high relief in buff hone stone in the manner of Hans Holbein (5½ ins. by 3½ ins.), which we reproduce considerably enlarged, that impresses the visitor as being the most convincing likeness. It is probably based on Holbein's Whitehall fresco, burnt in 1698. The original cartoon for the left side of this, in which the King's face is turned three-quarters right, is at Chatsworth. Remigius van Leemput's copy of the fresco is also on view. [Lent by Mrs. Dent-Brocklehurst.]



The World of the Theatre.

OFF AND ON.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ONE of the main personages in "Return to Tyassi," Benn Levy's luckless play at the Duke of York's, does not appear at all. True, when the play opens he is dead; and the author—not being a Jacobean who would have brought the man back as a voluble ghost—is faced with a problem. Still, we hear so much about this Hugo Hubbard that everyone must have a sharp picture of him in the mind. He

The play set me thinking about other stage figures that do not appear. In London at present there is the Dorothy of "To Dorothy, A Son" (Savoy), who lies off-stage in her bedroom during the entire action—I would like to know the architect of this complex cottage near Dorking—and who arrives, in the charming person of Sheila Sim, only when she is taking a call at the last curtain. She fulfils expectation, though I am afraid that poor Dorothy has to be a pale figure compared with the play's dynamic first wife, Myrtle, who was married (more or less) in the Friendly Islands and divorced (more or less) in Bolivia. Then, too, in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," most of us have wished to see Aubrey's first wife, that ice-box, Miss Herriott that was, the woman Cayley Drummle evokes so glumly: "She was one of your cold sort, you know—all marble arms and black velvet. I remember her with painful distinctness as the only woman who ever made me nervous. . . . She was an iceberg." Pinero's plays have often these shadows from the past. "His House in Order," the second act of which was produced at a Drury Lane matinée during the autumn, is overcast by Filmer Jesson's first wife, "poor Annabel," the departed paragon whose secret is revealed only in the superb third act. In "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" we would like to know more about Mr. Ebbsmith, who is dead before the play begins, and whom St. John Hankin revived in one of the neatest of his Dramatic

(which I hear is to come to London during the New Year, with Fay Compton and Peter Ustinov). And Shakespeare? Next season Stratford, besides its set of four histories—which will develop at length into something like the famous "Week of Kings" in 1901—is doing "The Tempest": I have always been curious about the blue-eyed hag Sycorax, mother of Caliban. Elsewhere, some of us cherish a desire to see Shylock's late wife, Leah, or the "old religious man" who converts Duke Frederick, or, in "Twelfth Night," the father and the brother upon whom Olivia spends so much unavailing woe. The objection can be made that these do not dominate our minds: that we wonder about them wistfully only when they are mentioned in the play. We certainly do think, however—I can speak for myself—of other people who loom across far lesser pieces: the shadow of Rebecca, for example, in the play of that name, and the George and Margaret who travel so hopefully but who never arrive.

Several of these plays appear in the fine programme of Robert Digby's Colchester Repertory Theatre, which has just celebrated its 500th production. Here, in a town of this size, is achievement indeed. The Colchester theatre has covered most things between "Othello" (the 500th entry) and Aldwych farce. It does what every good "rep" should do: it is a revolving mirror of the British theatre, and it does not forget the plays of the day before yesterday. Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Llewellyn Rees were among speakers at a congratulatory luncheon in the Moot Hall, which showed that Colchester—to the envy of less happy towns—is very much on the stage, and can offer actors as well as oysters.

One day, no doubt, "Return to Tyassi" will be in a Colchester bill. Nothing else fresh in London during the last fortnight has shown much chance of survival in repertory. Thus "Blue for a Boy" (His Majesty's) would not exist without Richard Hearne and Fred Emney, the H. and E., high explosive, of the musical-comedy stage. They are detonating away in a nonsensical affair that would probably turn Beerbohm Tree grey with anguish if he could revisit the stage of His Majesty's. For all that, it is hard not to yield to Emney's majestic progress, like the approach of a light-hearted elephant, or to that single moment when Hearne—though lacking for once the wig of



A CHRISTMAS FANTASY TO DELIGHT YOUNG AND OLD: "THE SILVER CURLEW," AT THE FORTUNE THEATRE. A SCENE FROM ELEANOR FARJEON'S FAIRY-TALE, "THE SILVER CURLEW," SHOWING TOM TIT TOT (HAROLD GOODWIN) BIDDING DOLL (ELAINE WODSON) "SAY GOOD-BYE TEW YER LITTLE BABY." THE MUSIC IS BY CLIFTON PARKER.

was an anthropologist; he made his reputation in the Anatolian settlement of Tyassi. His wife Martha, who hated the place, deserted him. To justify her desertion and her later second marriage, she has turned Hugo into a horrific legend: the legend of a husband whose cruelty and selfishness ruined her life. At heart she is still in love with his memory, and not with the transient delights of town and (as Kipling's banjo sang) "all that ever went with evening dress." When at last she admits this in the room at Regent's Park, we are ready for a volley of emotional fireworks in the May air.

I find it hard to generate interest in Mr. Levy's people and their so carefully-chosen phrases. They have some strong third-act scenes when, first of all, Martha's ex-brother-in-law, Francis Hubbard, and her starved second husband, Gilbert, are hitting away at each other; and later when Martha and Gilbert have their own set-to in lines that at the première seemed to be scannable as blank verse. But they are at heart a dull lot. What Benn Levy has done is to make us interested in the character of Hugo Hubbard of Tyassi. I imagine that Hugo would have more vigour than his former wife, his child, his mother-in-law, and even his own brother, though this last part—presented with assurance by John Justin—is theatrically as apt as anything in the piece. I found myself whiling away sections of the play by wondering about Hugo and the quarrels that must have shaken that dusty settlement among the olives and casuarinas. The fact that Mr. Levy prompted the speculation proves, I dare say, that his anecdote has a certain quality. It was, even so—and in spite of the fireworks—a frigid affair to meet in the newly-bright Duke of York's, with those Beatonian rhapsodies of decoration and the great crystal chandelier overhead. As I write, its impending withdrawal is announced.

Sequels (here a prologue).

Everybody, I suppose, must have a list of figures he has never seen in the theatre but would very much like to meet. I think of several at random: Oswald's father in Ibsen's "Ghosts," Madame Ranevsky's rascally lover in "The Cherry Orchard," Jason's bride in the "Medea," Ardèle in the Anouilh play

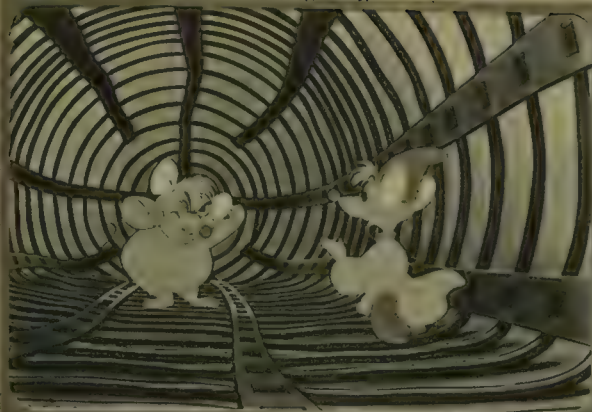


"PURRING SMALL-TALK ACROSS A DEAUVILLE TABLE": TWO COMEDIANS, FRED EMNEY AND RICHARD HEARNE, EACH DISGUISED AS THE SAME FAMOUS AUTHORESS IN A SCENE FROM "BLUE FOR A BOY," AUSTIN MELFORD'S MUSICAL COMEDY, AN "AMIABLY IRRESPONSIBLE ROUSTABOUT," AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

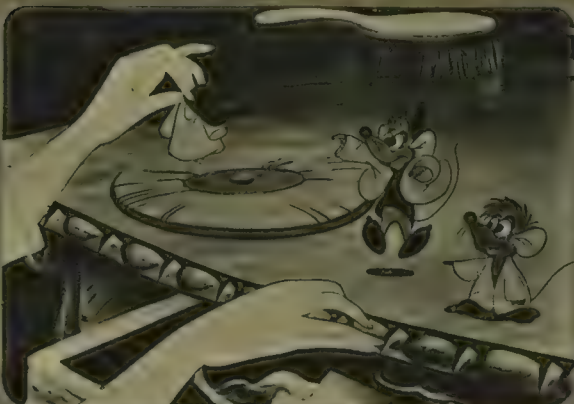
OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"RETURN TO TYASSI" (Duke of York's).—This play is an honourable failure about the married lives—past and present—of a woman whose first husband was an anthropologist and whose second is a Civil Servant. Benn Levy is the author; Constance Cummings, Alexander Knox and John Justin lead a capable cast; and the theatre itself, now re-decorated by Cecil Beaton, is an extremely pleasant place. (Produced: November 29.)
 "BLUE FOR A BOY" (His Majesty's).—Austin Melford has based this musical comedy upon the farce, "It's a Boy," but none will probe too anxiously into its past. It comes to the stage as a set of turns (with intervening dull patches) for Fred Emney and Richard Hearne, Emney in particular. The spectacle of the two comedians, each disguised as the same famous authoress, as they purr small-talk across a Deauville table, is the kind of thing we expect in this form of amiably irresponsible roustabout. (Produced: November 30.)
 "CAVIAR AND CHIPS" (Embassy).—A so-called comedy, an exhibit from the Juvenile Drama, that wasted the valuable time of Avice Landone, Valerie White and Jack Allen. (Produced: December 5.)
 "NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE" (Watergate).—Ronald Duncan's joke about the new poetic drama. (Produced: December 5.)
 "NORTH OF THE ZAMBESI" (Torch).—Noel Goodwin's melodrama might be shaped into a serviceable play, and it is a pity that the present production does not do more to help it. (Produced: December 8.)

Mr. Pastry—suddenly does a swallow-dive through a cocktail cabinet. Many plays would be improved, I feel, by a swallow-dive through a cocktail cabinet: Hearne may have created a happy precedent. The trouble is that it can happen only once in an evening, and there are long passages in "Blue for a Boy" when we have to wait pensively for the comedians to reappear. All is straightforward. We are not afflicted by thoughts of the past, by personages, absent friends, who are never allowed to arrive. No: this is Deauville, painted in primary colours; the sun is shining; everyone is on stage. Very well: then let's get down to it and bang it over.



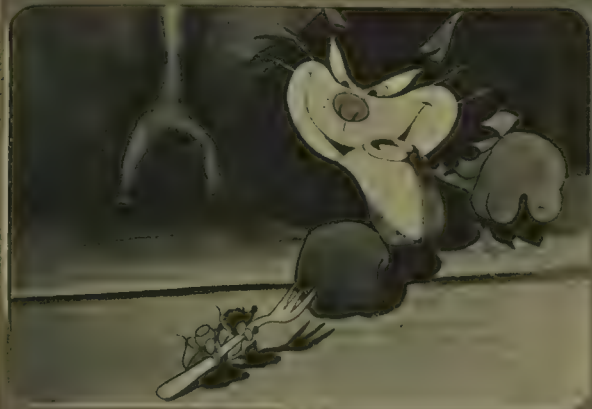
IN THE MOUSETRAP: JAQ, THE CLEVER MOUSE, GETS GUS, THE STRANGE MOUSE, OUT.



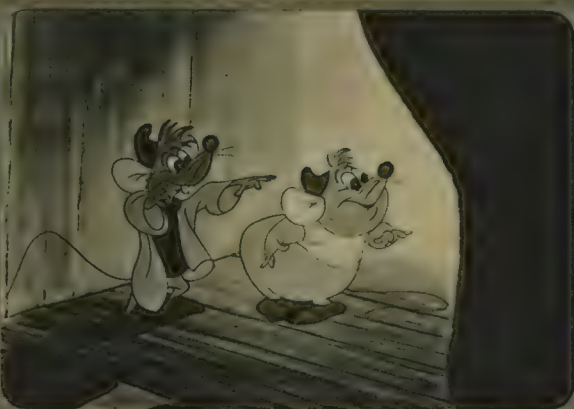
CINDERELLA, THE MOUSE'S TAILORESS. SHE HAS PROVIDED A SUIT FOR THE STRANGE MOUSE, GUS.



THE RAPE OF THE KEY: GUS HOLDS JAQ UP TO GET IT FROM STEPMOTHER'S POCKET.



BOLD RESCUE: LUCIFER THE CAT HAS JAQ AND THE STOLEN KEY UNDER THE TEACUP.



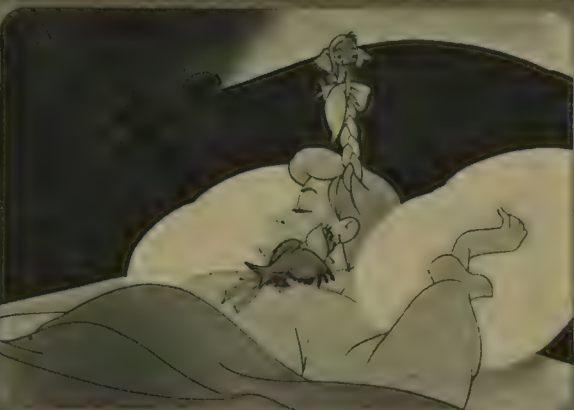
JAQ, THE CLEVER MOUSE, WARNING GUS, THE NEW MOUSE, OF LUCIFER'S WICKEDNESS.



LUCIFER'S SHORT-LIVED TRIUMPH: THE CAT HOLDS JAQ IMPRISONED UNDER THE CUP.



CINDERELLA AND HER DOG: SHE IS COMING OUT OF THE TOWER TO BEGIN WORK



CINDERELLA IS AWAKENED BY THE BLUE BIRDS: THEY SING AND PULL HER PLAITS.



CINDERELLA AND THE BLUE BIRDS: THEY COME TO HER GLOOMY TOWER AND SING.



THE UGLY STEPSISTERS SING "THE NIGHTINGALE"—A BURLESQUE QUARRELLING SONG.



THE FAIRY GODMOTHER WORKS HER WONDERS: SHE IS SINGING "BOBBIDI-BO," THE MAGIC SONG.



THE WICKED STEPMOTHER, TELLING CINDERELLA TO GET ON WITH HER WORK.



ATTEMPTING IN VAIN TO FORCE HER FOOT INTO THE GLASS SLIPPER: ONE OF THE UGLY STEPSISTERS.



CINDERELLA AND THE GLASS SLIPPER: ONE IS BROKEN, BUT CINDERELLA HAS THE PAIR.



PRELUDE TO THE STORY: CINDERELLA WITH HER FATHER BEFORE HIS SECOND MARRIAGE.

A UNIVERSALLY BELOVED FAIRY STORY ANIMATED FOR THE SCREEN: WALT DISNEY'S "CINDERELLA."

Mr. Walt Disney's full-length film, "Cinderella," which was due to begin its run at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on December 19, is based on Perrault's fairy-tale, but it is embellished with a posse of creatures whose antics enrich the contours. Cinderella's stepmother and stepsisters keep her immured in a gloomy tower, but blue birds awaken her with their songs, and the mice, Gus, Jaq, Luke, Mert, Bert,

Suzie, Perla and Blossom, play an active part in the story. When she tries to make over an old dress to wear at the ball, the merry rodents steal finery from the stepsisters and adapt it for Cinderella, but the jealous owners tear the dress to shreds. After the ball, when the Prince is searching for the girl who wore the glass slipper, Cinderella is locked in her tower, but the mice steal the key and free her.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IN this week's novels as a group, the basic element of pure story-telling is most unequally divided. "Insurrection," by Liam O'Flaherty (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), has nearly all of it, and in a sense, nothing over. Its first effect, beside the rather dead-end quality of the two others, is of great strength, great concentration and decision—of the story as it should be. One feels that action is the heart of narrative. But then another feeling makes its way in. Action is somehow thwarting, claustrophobic; action is sad.

This final state of disillusionment and near-tedium does not arise out of the theme. Granted, the Easter Rising is the stuff of tragedy. But there is no oppression in heroic failure as such; no works of art are less constricting, more exhilarating than the great tragedies. What, then, is the defect? Not want of sympathy, imagination or poetic vision; yet there is something vital.

From the first moment we are sunk in action at its most concrete. O'Connell Street on Easter Monday: the drifting crowds, the echoes of a distant war, the brief, spontaneous combustions—and as a focal point, the derelict and will-less figure of young Bartly Madden, wrapped in its own gloom. Bartly has just returned from eighteen months in an English war factory. He meant to buy a piece of land in Connemara; but on the first night in Dublin, he has been robbed of everything. He can't go home, and he will be conscripted if he goes back.

Bartly is incapable of abstract thought. All his ideas come through direct impressions, and remain embedded in them. Therefore he is unaware of being "patriotic," or of a personal concern in what has now begun. In fact, he only wants to keep out of it. And little Mrs. Colgan, though a good deal cleverer, would feel the same, but for her son Tommy. She has been praying desperately for Tommy, and she pounces on this young derelict as his "miraculous protector." Bartly, the stalwart Bartly, must be got to join the insurgents. It is no easy job; though she can lure him to the water, still he won't drink, and all her mother-wit, her peasant eloquence are spent in vain. But there is help at hand: the proclamation of a free Republic, and the feeling of a dead soldier's rifle. In Bartly's mind, the proclamation is freedom; the soldier's rifle is revenge. They are ideas, not thought, but felt. And even then—a mob of drunken looters is lawlessness, and nearly scares him off. But when he meets Kinsella it is settled. This is the leader, the Idea incarnate, truth always visible.

So he can go ahead without a qualm. And in the battle he achieves full stature, an apotheosis of his whole being. Kinsella is the man of duty, and he dies a sacrifice; while to his friend Stapleton, revolt is merely a poetic gesture and escape from the vulgar round. This act is not, to either of them, a fulfilment; they are too complex. But it fits Bartly like a glove.

It is a little epic, thoroughly imagined, brilliantly realised: terse, concrete, noble with poetic images—but it has no clan. It comes to us as Bartly's epic, tragedy in blinkers; it has no view.

"The Peacock," by Jon Godden (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.), is a setting of extreme beauty—and has a thread of story in the second place. And they are meant to fit in, to make a pattern, to suggest a parable. But what it is I don't know, unless that human beings are always tiresome and a blot on the landscape.

Which we all feel, no doubt, even if only now and then; so we can sympathise with Dr Murray Coombes, who feels it increasingly. Murray was born in Manchester, and drifted out to Assam; he works as doctor for a group of tea-gardens, and spends his leave in the jungle. In early days he taught himself to shoot and fish; later he took photographs, and later still he learnt to do nothing. Being in the jungle had become enough.

And every year he made a large fishing-camp, open to anyone who chose. Until the war he had four regulars. And now they want to come back—but will it answer? Can they get back to Eden?

Well, no; they bring their human pettiness and passions, and the flaming sword drives them out.

Tiresome they are, and to dissect their clashes would be more tiresome; one camper is a woman, so the rest is obvious. Obvious in spite of subtlety, in spite of symbols: of the wild peacock: of the ex-soldier, beautiful and maimed, a tiger in a man's body. And then the passions turn out to be lukewarm; the scene is set for a romantic drama, but it never takes place. The real theme is the stage itself, minute and vast; the fishing-camp in all its details, and the whole jungle. The vital characters are wild, the real excitement is to come across them. All that is beautifully done; it is precise, enchanting; who would ask more? Only, like Dr. Coombes, one would prefer it in a pure state.

In "The Mortal and the Marble," by Geoffrey Dutton (Chapman and Hall; 9s. 6d.), there is great promise, waiting to be organised; and what is more, a real talent for fiction.

It is the first novel of a young Australian poet, and has the common weaknesses of a debut—a strong infusion of direct experience, a want of tact, a passion for describing, and an inability to get down to plot. The hero is a young Australian torn between his own country—the Eden of the physical—and yearnings for the "deep soil" of Europe. And torn again between success and culture, wealthy friends and refugee idols. Through this entanglement he works his way in a string of episodes, and in the end there has been no story. Yet all the qualities are scattered round. Integrity and feeling—those are not rare: a lively interest in behaviour; the knack of rendering a situation; and I think the best gift of all—that of creating people with their own idiom.

"Accident by Design," by E. C. R. Lorac (Collins; 8s. 6d.), features an Australian wife transplanted to the "deep soil," hating it fervently and much despised. Her husband Gerald is heir of Templedean and may succeed any day. Gerald without Meriel was bad enough; he is the fool of the family, and now he talks about a "clean sweep." A threat so nasty to so many people, that when his car is wrecked it looks too like Providence.

But nothing can be done—it takes another accident to bring in the law. Chief Inspector Macdonald is his quiet self, in yet another quiet and good story. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

LOVERS AND LONDONERS.

"ALL the world loves a lover," and it would be a very elderly or very curmudgeonly heart which would not warm to the romance of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. The title of "Andromeda in Wimpole Street," by Dormer Creston (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 16s.), is well chosen. The character of Edward Barrett, the slave-owning master of the large Barrett family, the *reductio ad absurdum* of the stern Victorian parent has frequently been portrayed before, both in print and on the stage. But in this exchange of love-letters, the almost wholly complete collection of letters which passed between

Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, and which ends with their flight from Wimpole Street to Italy (for thereafter they were never separated by a single day), this incredible man is displayed in all his petty, tyrannical, overweening strength. He must have had strength of character to tyrannise so successfully over so large a family, so intelligent a family, and a family one member of which at least—Elizabeth herself—was financially independent. Perseus had indeed to be cast from a heroic mould to rescue the ailing Andromeda, confined to her bedroom by the ill-health which was ultimately to kill her, from a dragon whose mere faint frown at the thought of her going to Italy for her health was enough to reduce the household and the spirited Elizabeth to trembling acquiescence in cancelling the trip.

The romance of the two poets—and Elizabeth was considerably the elder and perhaps, at the beginning of their correspondence, the better-known of the two—was a remarkable example of those curious cases of what one can only call emotional predestination. It was a long time before Elizabeth, leading her utterly retired life and confined almost entirely to her bedroom, would consent to see her ardent correspondent. And although she was shocked and horrified when, after their first meeting Browning declared himself to be in love with her (he confessed that he had had "a presentiment" that this would happen) there is little doubt, reading these charming letters, that she had at least that curiosity about Browning which in women is so often halfway to being in love.

Miss Dormer Creston has most skilfully woven these letters into a harmonious, a moving, and exciting whole. Our hearts beat the faster when the lovers encounter unusual difficulties or surmount the dangers of discovery. It is difficult not to follow with tender anxiety the course of such true love that ran at first so very far from smooth. Any lover who has suffered from the occasionally harsh maxim, "love me, love my dog" will smile at the occasions on which *Flush*, Elizabeth's intensely spoiled spaniel, jealously bit the ardent suitor. A book which I shall dip into with pleasure for many years to come, and one which, when I fail any longer to appreciate, will reveal to me that I lumber the face of the earth.

Wimpole Street, to some the home of the more expensive doctors who haven't quite made the Harley Street grade, seems to us a rather pleasant Georgian thoroughfare—certainly more attractive than it was to Elizabeth, immured in No. 50. At any rate, it is very much part of the London scene of which "The London Anthology," by Hugh and Pauline Massingham (Phoenix House; 21s.), is one of the most delightfully comprehensive pictures yet painted. Mr. and Mrs. Massingham have produced a work which one would call monumental if it were not for the hint of ponderousness which that conveys. There is nothing ponderous in these 200,000 words of selection from the letters, the diaries, the newspapers, in fact all the written material which deals with a city which is a country in itself. These exhaustive, but never exhausting, anthologists have covered an immense amount of ground and arranged their findings under individual headings. Do you wish to obtain a picture of Londoners eating? Then turn up "Food and Drink," and you will get a delicious mixture in which Pepys and Arnold Bennett and Thackeray (in his immortal description of the dinner of the Worshipful Company of Bellows-Menders) are found with modern comments on free orange-juice and the now happily defunct 5s.-meal limit. And so it goes on—elegant, well-chosen, laughter-provoking, quaint or moving—a most skilfully chosen selection of details for a great canvas.

For any Londoner, and particularly an inhabitant of Chelsea such as myself, "London: The Western Reaches," in the County Books Series by Godfrey James (Hale; 15s.), will have an equally great attraction. The Massinghams' book is profusely illustrated with drawings and prints—plenty, of course, of that great observer of the London scene, Rowlandson, and a charming portrait of Queen Victoria as a little girl which deserves especial mention. Mr. James' book is illustrated by photographs which are, I think, some of the finest ever taken of London's streets, monuments and waterways. This is an embellishment of an informative, informed and lively text.

Because Chelsea and the western reaches of the Thames have so many attractive public-houses, the ground covered by Mr. James is also gone over pretty thoroughly by Mr. C. Francis Wardle in "Of Pups and Pubs" (Popular Dog Publishing; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Wardle has found a most unusual angle of approach. He gives a description combined with much humour and some historical information, relevant or irrelevant, of a number of London "pubs." But each is built round the character of the "house dog" which belongs to it, and which is a familiar figure to the individual pub's "regulars." Not only can Mr. Wardle write, but he illustrates each description with his own drawing of the dog which is its hero. All these drawings are good, and some of them rise to almost Cecil Aldin heights. Dog-lovers who are in the habit of "pub-crawling" will have found a new excuse for their activities.

Major E. W. Sheppard's "A Short History of the British Army" has long been a standard work. Until its present re-issue, however, it had the defect that it only carried the reader down to August, 1914—since when there has been a certain amount of military activity in which Britain's armies have been engaged. Major Sheppard has now brought it up-to-date and greatly enlarged it, and it is produced by Messrs. Constable at 30s. It is a readable piece of compression. Those with a taste for military history will appreciate his pen-picture reconstruction of typical battles, such as those of the Civil War and of Marlborough's and Wellington's campaigns. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

ONE of the strongest international tournaments ever held has just concluded in Amsterdam. Here are two outstanding games from it.

V. Pirc. (Yugoslavia.)	A. O'Kelly. (Belgium.)	V. Pirc. (Yugoslavia.)	A. O'Kelly. (Belgium.)
1. Kt-K33	Kt-KB3	7. P-B3	Q-B2
2. P-Q4	P-QKt3	8. P-QR3	P×P
3. P-K3	B-Kt2	9. K×P	B-K2
4. B-Q3	P-B4	10. R-K1	Kt-Q4
5. Castles	P-K3	11. Kt-B4	Kt-B5?
6. QKt-Q2	Kt-B3	12. B×Kt	Q×Kt

The opening has been curious, White following Colle's system, Black playing a Queen's Indian Defence and the two contestants more or less ignoring each other for ten moves. Black's eleventh is now revealed, in astonishingly efficient style, as a fatal blunder.



13. P-Q5!! Kt-Q1 14. QKt-K5 P-QR3

Directed against the nasty threat of 15. B-Kt5. He would better have attended to the danger to his queen, which never finds a haven for the rest of the game.

15. P-KKt3 Q-R3 17. Kt(B3)-K5!

16. Kt-Kt4 Q-R4 Threatening to win the queen by 18. Kt-B6ch, etc.

17. P-Kt3 19. P-Q6 Resigns.

18. B-K2 Q-B4 White wins the queen or mates. If 19. ... B-Kt4; 20. B-Q3. If 19. ... B-KB3; 20. B-Q3, Q-Kt4; 21. P-KB4, Q-R4; 22. Kt×Beh, etc. If 19. ... B-KB1; 20. B-Q3, Q-Kt4; 21. P-KB4, Q-R4; 22. Kt-KB6 mate.

If 19. ... Q-K5; 20. B-B3, again trapping the queen.

H. Pilnik. H. Golombek. H. Pilnik. H. Golombek.
(Argentine.) (Britain.) (Argentine.) (Britain.)

1. P-K4	P-QB3	9. Kt-K2	R-K1
2. P-Q4	P-Q4	10. P-KR4	Kt-Q2
3. Kt-QB3	P×P	11. P-R5	Kt-B1
4. Kt×P	Kt-KB3	12. P×P	BP×P
5. Kt×Ktch	KP×Kt	13. B-R6	B-K3
6. P-QB3	B-Q3	14. Castles(Q)	P-KB4
7. B-Q3	Castles	15. K-Kt1	
8. Q-B2	P-KKt3		

Really an attacking move—he is going to manoeuvre his knight to K5. Golombek's counter-attack on the queen's side now is skilfully turned to Pilnik's own advantage.

15. P-QKt4	20. B-B2	P-Kt5
16. Kt-B1	Q-B3	B×KtP
17. P-KB4	B-Q4	R-QKt2
18. R-R3	Kt-K3	23. Kt-K5
19. Q-B2	R-K2	24. B-Kt3

Hoping that exchanges will ease the pressure; but they leave White with an irresistible passed pawn.

25. B×B	Kt×B	30. Q-QB2	R-Kt2
26. R-QB1	B×B	31. Q-B4ch	K-R1
27. P×B	R×P	32. P-Q5	P-Kt4
28. R×R	R×R	33. P-Q6	Resigns.
29. R×P	Q-K2		

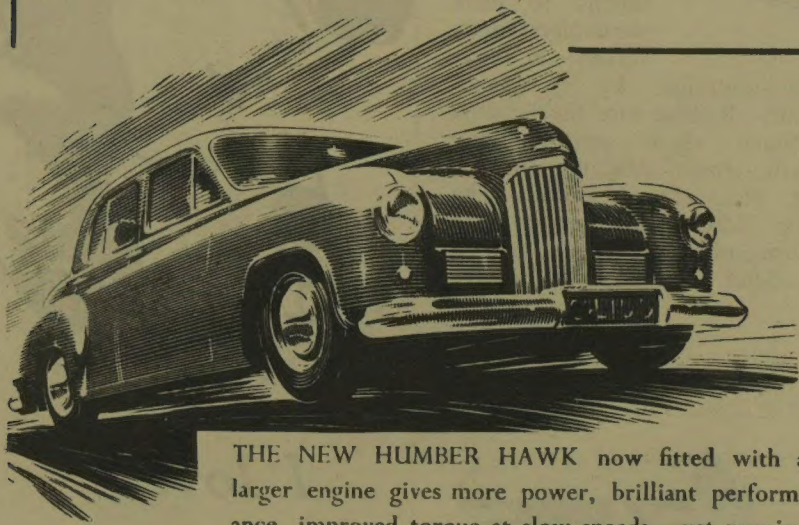
Don't be Vague
ask *first* for
Haig



No finer Whisky goes into any bottle

Obtainable again
in
small sizes

GREATER POWER....
to start with



THE NEW HUMBER HAWK now fitted with a larger engine gives more power, brilliant performance, improved torque at slow speeds—yet running costs are as low as ever. Important improvements to suspension and new cushion tyres ensure a smoother ride under all conditions with increased comfort for the occupants. Maximum safety is assured with Lockheed Hydraulic two-leading-shoe brakes.

The New
HUMBER HAWK



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE KING
MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURERS
HUMBER LIMITED

Also SUPER SNIPE
PULLMAN & IMPERIAL

PRODUCTS OF THE ROOTES GROUP

Humber Ltd. Coventry
London Showrooms & Export Division: Rootes Ltd. Devonshire House Piccadilly London W.1



Progress

Rolls-Royce produce turbo-jet, propeller-turbine and piston aero engines to suit all types of medium and high-powered aircraft



THE VICKERS "VISCOUNT" AIRLINER

powered by four Rolls-Royce "Dart" propeller-turbine engines

ROLLS-ROYCE
Aero
E N G I N E S

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED • DERBY



**We never
let go!**

Vigilance over the high quality of "Black & White" is never relaxed. Blended in the special "Black & White" way this truly outstanding Scotch is in a class all its own.

'BLACK & WHITE'
SCOTCH WHISKY
The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment
to H.M. King George VI



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

*If you are joining the
family gathering this
Christmas*

TRAVEL BY TRAIN

in warmth and comfort

*Seats may be reserved on
long-distance expresses*

**HAPPY CHRISTMAS
TO YOU ALL**

BRITISH RAILWAYS

COLDS be wise— immunise

Buccaline, the famous Swiss preparation for immunisation against Colds and Influenza, is now available in this country.

Buccaline is a vaccine in tablet form. The complete course—which normally confers a degree of immunity from colds and influenza for at least six months—consists of only seven tablets. One tablet is taken on the first day, two on the second; and four on the third.

Buccaline Tablets can be obtained from most chemists at 6s. 3d. for the complete course. In case of difficulty in obtaining supplies, write to the Sole Agents for Great Britain, William Martindale Wholesale, Ltd., 14-16 Bruton Place, New Bond Street, London W.1.

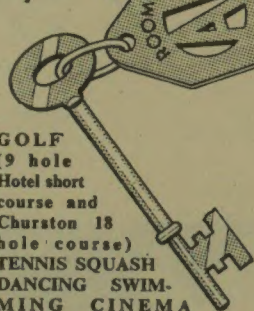
Buccaline
A VACCINE IN
TABLET FORM

*Prepared in the Laboratories of
the Swiss Serum and Vaccine
Institute, Berne, and imported to
this country under licence.*

*The key to a
perfect holiday*

**PALACE
HOTEL
TORQUAY**

GOLF
(9 hole
Hotel short
course and
Churston 18
hole course)
TENNIS SQUASH
DANCING SWIM-
MING CINEMA



Open up a new vista on what the Perfect Holiday can be. Get to know what it means to have the choicest foods served in luxurious surroundings, by a highly trained staff. Realise too, the benefits of the Palace 'all-in' terms, giving golf, squash, tennis, dancing, cinema, swimming, etc., at no extra. The Palace, the Hotel with the 'country house' atmosphere, offers such a holiday. Send for inclusive terms.

Telephone 2271.

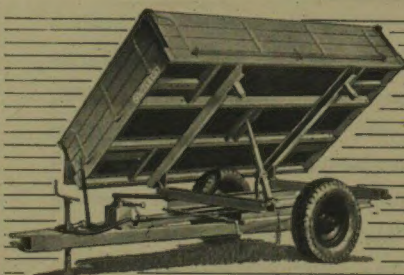
Take care of your Hair

Rowland's Macassar Oil is made to a very special formula, which has stood the test of time. For since its introduction in 1793, Rowland's Macassar Oil has been the choice of discerning men and women. They have found—as you will find—that Rowland's is pre-eminent for caring for the hair; as a dressing that imparts sheen and gloss; as a tonic that promotes strong, natural growth. In two forms—Red for dark hair; Golden for fair.

—Since 1793

**ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR OIL**

the choice of discerning men & women



A low loading 4/5 ton capacity trailer with sharp angle of tip in three directions. For hand, tractor-hydraulic, or p.t.o. operation.

Please write for catalogue L/16.

WHITLOCKS

GT. YELDHAM, ESSEX.

Tel. 205 (6 lines)



I love

MARIE BRIZARD

APRY

*the liqueur
of the
Apricot*



Now available at Wine Merchants
and Stores. Sole distributors:
Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd.,
5, Laurence Pountney Hill,
London E.C.4



A GRAND 'LONG'
WITH ICED WATER



THE BASIS OF A
PERFECT 'SHORT'



That's the long and short of it!

PERNOD

The Aperitif of France

Pernod fils

Available in Bottles and Halves from leading Wine Merchants
Sole importers: J. R. PARKINGTON & Co. Ltd., New Bond St., W.1

Here's the first

2 PURPOSE

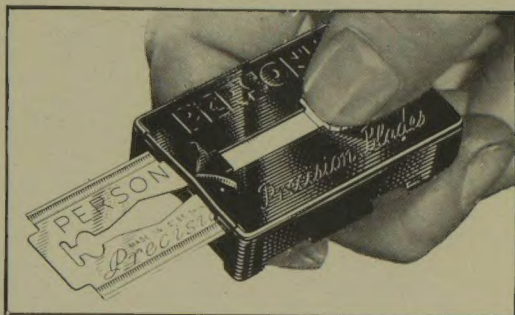
blade dispenser!

YES—Personna's Zipak is the only blade dispenser with a compartment for disposal of used blades; takes care of your blades 2 ways — both coming and going.

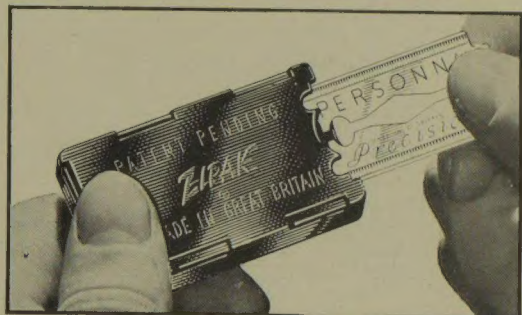
Try the Zipak. You get 10 luxury Personna Precision Blades and the Zipak, still for 2/6. And you get all these advantages:

Speed. Convenience. No more fumbling with wrappings and loose blades. Your blades are spring-suspended in the Zipak, to keep cutting edges perfect. Then just a push of the button and there's your fresh, gleaming Personna blade instantly ready for use in any standard make of razor. And there is the unique underside compartment for old blades — a feature that is Zipak's alone.

Get acquainted with Zipak today!



ZIP!— Just push the Zipak button and there's a Personna Blade ready for instant use



ONLY **ZIPAK** has this underside compartment for on-the-spot disposal of old blades

PERSONNA

Precision Blades

in the new **ZIPAK** dispenser, 10 blades for 2/6

Also in packets of 5 for 1/3



SAUCE ROBERT
SAUCE DIABLE
SAUCE MELBA
also various other
Sauces, Pickles,
Chutney and Fish
and Meat Pastes.

Escoffier

Illustrated Brochure. Pos. Free. Write Dept. I.L.
ESCOFFIER LTD., HARDERS ROAD,
LONDON, S.E.15

Incentive

THE SHAREHOLDERS of John Laing and Son Limited are working members of the firm. You will find them driving cranes or mechanical shovels, laying bricks or leading a gang, costing contracts in detail, managing or directing—active in some way as part of the team at home or overseas.

Not every member is a shareholder. It is a privilege reserved for long service, loyalty, ability to lead and to set an example.

So at key points, from head office to the remotest site, are men to whom the firm belongs. That is the finest incentive in the world, and the surest guarantee of good work for those who entrust their construction to John Laing and Son Limited.

LAING

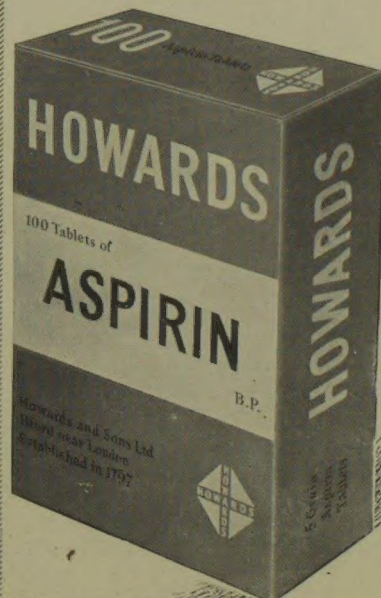
For speed and efficiency in building and civil engineering

JOHN LAING AND SON LIMITED · Established in 1848

London, Carlisle, Lusaka, Johannesburg



Not
the cheapest...
but
the best



**OVERSEAS
SHIPPING**

When calling at these Canadian Ports
HALIFAX - SAINT JOHN - MONTREAL
QUEBEC - VANCOUVER - VICTORIA

**British Consols or
"EXPORT" cigarettes**

at competitive prices "In Bond" for
passenger and crew use.

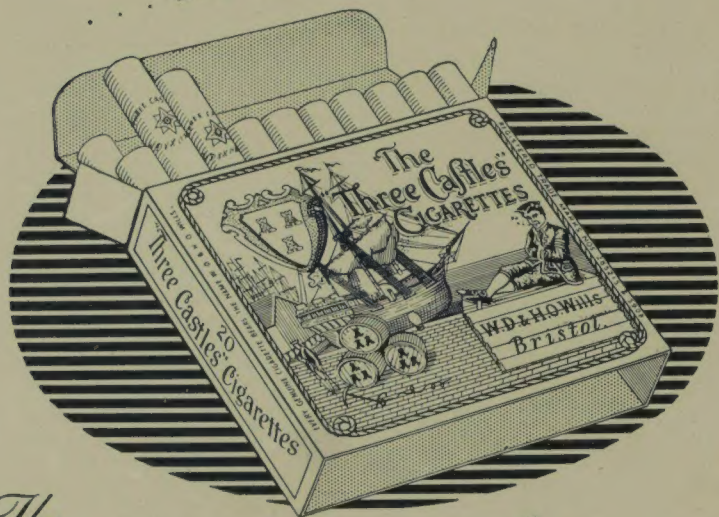
MACDONALD'S — SINCE 1858

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



"..and I remembered the 'THREE CASTLES'"

Party all set . . . for rather particular people . . .
 Sherry party? Guess again . . . Sherry-cum-
 Three Castles party? That's better
 . . . much, much better.



The
"THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes

20 for 3/10

Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. T12332

**Every service a
 Bank provides
 can be had from**

*National Provincial
 Bank Ltd*

**The Manager of any Branch will
 gladly respond to your enquiries**

NPB
 for service

20/-
 Bottle

FOR CHRISTMAS



DRY FLY SHERRY—the best appetizer—makes a most acceptable Christmas gift and always provides a gracious welcome to your guests. Order early from your Wine Merchant to avoid disappointment.

Findlater Mackie Todd & Co. Ltd.

Wine and Spirit Merchants to H.M. The King · Wigmore Street, W.1

THE
Vanden Plas **PRINCESS II**
 COACHBUILT SALOON on the Austin A135 Chassis



A Car of the Future

The "Princess II" remains basically the same as its predecessor but embodies an improved specification and several interesting new design features which will more than uphold the tradition for comfort, elegance and quality already established by the earlier model.

Austin A.135. Princess II Saloon. Price £1,525, plus £424 7s. 3d. Purchase Tax
 Austin A.135. Princess II Touring Limousine. Price £1,650, plus £459 1s. 8d. Purchase Tax.

VANDEN PLAS (ENGLAND) 1923 LIMITED, KINGSBURY WORKS, KINGSBURY, LONDON. N.W.9 Telephone: COLINDALE 6171-2